27

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THE POEMS OF JOHN MILTON

IN THREE VOLUMES

THE

POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON

VOLUME III

LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING

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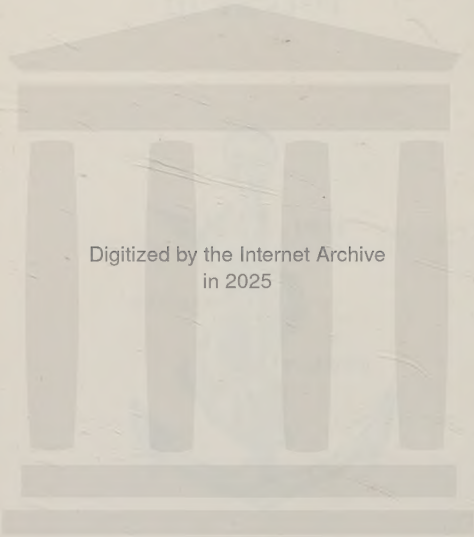
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SAMSON AGONISTES,

A DRAMATIC POEM.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

Τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας, &c.
Aristot. Poet. cap. vi.

Tragœdia et imitatio actionis seriæ, &c. per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems; therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity, and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion, for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of holy scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33, and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book, as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that

honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies, at least the best of them, that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is entitled, Christ Suffering. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle, in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be epistled: that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modeling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more

authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allœostropha. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage, to which this work never was intended, is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act; of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum, they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets, unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends is, according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

THE ARGUMENT.

SAMSON made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival-day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; and, lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence. He at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him. The chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly, relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.
MANOAH, the Father of Samson.
DALILA, his Wife,
HARAPHA OF GATH.

Public Officer.
Messenger.
Chorus of Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

SAMS. A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm

[2] *dark steps*] Euripidis Phœnissæ, 841.
"Ηγοῦ πάροιθε, θύγατερ, ὥς τυφλῶ πόδι.
Richardson.

[10] *swarm*] Sydney's Arcadia, p. 164, ed. 13th.
'A new swarm of thoughts stinging her mind.' *Todd.*

Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
Oh! wherefore was my birth from heav'n foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an off'ring burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His god-like presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits, if I must die
Betray'd, captîv'd, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength
Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd
Lower than bondslave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction: what! if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,

33 *captîv'd*] 'And captîv'd kings.' Ross's Mel Heliconium, p. 55. 'Israel captîv'd.' Cowley's Davideis, lib. ii. p. 84.

In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burthensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries,
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm, the vilest here excel me;
They creep, yet see, I dark in light exposed

[53] *strength*] Ovidii Met. xiii. 363.
'Tu vires sine mente geris.' *Jortin.*

To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong.
Within doors, or without, still as a fool
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,

[87] *silent*] 'Mediæque silentia lunæ.' Stat. Theb. ii. 58. 'tacito sub lumine Phœben.' Sil. Ital. xv. 566. Mr. Todd quotes Dante Inferno, c. 1. 'Mi ripingeva là dove 'l *sol tace*.' Mr. Dyce cites Shirley's *Bird in a Cage*, act iii. sc. 2. 'As silent as the moon.'

[89] *cave*] Claudiani Cons. Stilickonis, iii. 268. 'Concepit luna cavernis.' Iliados Epitome, ed. Korten, ver. 875.

'———— quantum vel in orbe mearet
Luna'Cava ————.'

Lucret. iv. 392. 'Ætheriis adfixa cavernis.'

That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
Buried, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet steering this way;
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
At my affliction, and perhaps t' insult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.
CHOR. This, this is he; softly a while,
Let us not break in upon him;
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,

[100] *a living death*] Consult the note, in Mr. Todd's edition, for the frequent use of this expression, from Petrarch, and Shakespeare, and the old English Poets.

[102] *a moving grave*] 'A living grave.' Sidney's Arcadia, p. 352. 'A walking grave.' Sir R. Howard's Vestal Virgin, 1665.

[118] *diffus'd*] 'Sits diffus'd.' Heywood's Troy, p. 314. Mr. Thyer quotes Ovid ex Ponto, iii. 3. 7.

'*Fusaque* erant toto languida membra toro.'

With languish'd head unpropp'd,
As one past hope, abandon'd,
As by himself given over;
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and soil'd;
Or do my eyes misrepresent? can this be he,
That heroic, that renown'd,
Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd [withstand;
No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,
Ran on imbattled armies clad in iron,
And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
Adamantean proof;
But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanc'd,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel;

[133] *Chalybean*] Virg. Georg. i. 58. Ov. Fast. iv. 405. *Newton.*

[131] *Adamantean*] Johnson thinks this word peculiar to Milton. Perhaps he coined it from Ovid. Met. vii. 104. *Todd.*

[136] *insupportably*] Spens. F. Q. i. vii. 11.

'——— he gan *advance*
With huge force, and *insupportable* main.' *Thyer.*

Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine
In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day:
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders
The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar, [bore
Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
No journey of a Sabbath day, and loaded so;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heav'n.
Which shall I first bewail,
Thy bondage or lost sight,
Prison within prison
Inseparably dark?
Thou art become, O worst imprisonment!
The dungeon of thyself; thy soul,
Which men enjoying sight oft without cause com-
Imprison'd now indeed, [plain,
In real darkness of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light,
T' incorporate with gloomy night!
For inward light, alas!
Puts forth no visual beam.
O mirror of our fickle state,
Since man on earth unparallel'd!
The rarer thy example stands,
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,

147 *gates of Azza*] Beaumont's Psyche, c. v. st. 71.
'With statelier might his brawnie shoulders bare
Did Gaza's gates up Hebron's mountains wear.'

Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
For him I reckon not in high estate,
Whom long descent of birth
Or the sphere of fortune raises:
But thee, whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have subdued the earth,
Universally crown'd with highest praises.

Sams. I hear the sound of words, their sense the
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear. [air

Chor. He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless
The glory late of Israel, now the grief, [in might,
We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,
From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,
To visit or bewail thee, or, if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy sores: apt words have power to swage
The tumours of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

[179] *glory*] Fletcher's Pisc. Eclogues, 1633, p. 27. 'his glory late, but now his shame.' *Todd.*

[184] *Salve to thy sores*] This is one of the most common expressions in old English poetry. See Southwell's Mæonia, p. 21. Park's note to Heliconia, Part 1, p. 186. Billingsley's Divine Raptures, p. 67. Smith's Chloris, 1597. Byrd's Psalms, p. 11. Lydgate's Troy, p. 220. Gascoigne's Works, p. 14. 177. 230. 247. Beaumont's Psyche, c. xiii. st. 225; and Ellis's Specimens, ii. p. 15.

[184] *apt words*] Æsch. Prom. Vinct. ver. 377. Hor. Epist. i. i. 34.

'Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem.'

Thyer and Newton.

SAMS. Your coming, friends, revives me, for I
Now of my own experience, not by talk, [learn
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their superscription, of the most
I would be understood; in prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have inclos'd me round;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwreck'd
My vessel trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
Fool, have divulged the secret gift of God
To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
In every street? do they not say, how well
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
Immeasurable strength they might behold
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,
These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

CHOR. Tax not divine disposal: wisest men
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather

Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

Sams. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed
The daughter of an infidel. They knew not
That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
The marriage on; that by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving false, the next I took to wife,
O that I never had! fond wish too late!
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end, still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors. Of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, O weakness!
Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons.

Sams. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
Who, seeing those great acts which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd
Deliverance offer'd. I on the other side

Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds, [doer;
The deeds themselves, tho' mute, spoke loud the
But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers
Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,
Not flying, but forecasting in what place
To set upon them, what advantag'd best.
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
The harass of their land, beset me round;
I willingly on some conditions came
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey,
Bound with two cords: but cords to me were threads
Touch'd with the flame. On their whole host I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
And lorded over them whom now they serve:
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd

[253] *Etham*] Judges xv. 8. *Newton.*

As their deliverer? If he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?
CHOR. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
Their great deliverer contemn'd,
The matchless Gideon in pursuit
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings:
And how ingrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear,
Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
In that sore battle, when so many died
Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.
SAMS. Of such examples add me to the roll,
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's propos'd deliverance not so.
CHOR. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all:
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.
Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
As to his own edicts found contradicting,
Then give the reins to wand'ring thought,
Regardless of his glory's diminution;

Till, by their own perplexities involv'd,
They ravel more, still less resolv'd,
But never find self-satisfying solution.
As if they would confine th' Interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right to exempt
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From national obstriction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt;
For with his own laws he can best dispense.
He would not else, who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
To set his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,
Unclean, unchaste.
Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
Though reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.
But, see! here comes thy reverend sire
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoah; advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.
Sams. Aye me! another inward grief awak'd
With mention of that name renews th' assault.
Man. Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,

Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
My son now captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
Came lagging after; say if he be here.

Chor. As signal now in low dejected state,
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renown'd,
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,
None offering fight; who single combatant
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,
Himself an army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength! and, oh! what not in man
Deceivable and vain? nay, what thing good,
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy:
Who would be now a father in my stead?

345 *Duell'd*] Barron's Cyprian Academy, p. 23, ed. 1648, and State Poems (by Denham), vol. i. p. 36. 'Duels the fowler.'

354 *son*] Terentii Andria, I. 1. 69.

'——— tum uno ore omnes omnia
Bona dicere, et laudare fortunas meas,
Qui gnatum haberem tali ingenio præditum.'
Newton.

O wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest pray'rs, then, giv'n with solemn hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?
For this did th' angel twice descend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select and sacred, glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foes' derision, captive, poor, and blind,
Into a dungeon thrust to work with slaves?
Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

Sams. Appoint not heav'nly disposition, father;
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
But justly; I myself have brought them on,
Sole author I, sole cause; if aught seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.
This well I knew, nor was at all surpriz'd,
But warn'd by oft experience: did not she

373 *Appoint*] That is, arraign, summon to answer. *Warburton.*

Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her height
Of nuptial love profest, carrying it straight
To them who had corrupted her, my spies
And rivals? In this other was there found
More faith, who also in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd
Her spurious first-born, treason against me?
Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers, and sighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know;
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly and with what impudence
She purpos'd to betray me, and, which was worse
Than undissembled hate, with what contempt
She sought to make me traitor to myself;
Yet the fourth time, when, mustering all her wiles,
With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
To storm me over-watch'd and wearied out,
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd

[404] *Tongue-batteries*] Shakes. Hen. VI. P. 1. act 3. sc. 3.
" I am *vanquish'd*; these *haughty words* of hers
Have *batter'd* me," &c. *Todd.*

Might easily have shook off all her snares:
But foul effeminacy held me yok'd
Her bond-slave; O indignity! O blot
To honour and religion! servile mind
Rewarded well with servile punishment!
The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
That saw not how degenerately I serv'd.

MAN. I cannot praise thy marriage choices, son,
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
Find some occasion to infest our foes.
I state not that; this I am sure, our foes
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
Their captive and their triumph; thou the sooner
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy power. True; and thou bear'st
Enough and more the burthen of that fault;
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud
To Dagon, as their god, who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,

Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,
Disglorified, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

SAMS. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high
Among the heathen round; to God have brought
Dishonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
Of idolists and atheists; have brought scandal
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before
To waver, or fall off, and join with idols;
Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
This only hope relieves me, that the strife
With me hath end; all the contést is now
'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
But will arise, and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive

Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

MAN. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words
I as a prophecy receive: for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it, doubtful whether God be lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not in the meanwhile here forgot
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

SAMS. Spare that proposal, father, spare the trouble
Of that solicitation: let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment,
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,

471 *blank*] Hamlet, act iii. sc. 2.
'Each opposite that *blanks* the face of joy.' *Todd.*

The mark of fool set on his front?
But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully; a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn
To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

MAN. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, son;
Repent the sin, but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself; perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt,
Who evermore approves and more accepts,
Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission,
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due,
Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
For self-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offer'd means: who knows
But God hath set before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and his sacred house,
Where thou may'st bring thy off'rings, to avert
His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd?

SAMS. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it? when in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from heav'n foretold, and high exploits,

Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The sons of Anack, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearless of danger, like a petty God
I walk'd about, admir'd of all and dreaded,
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me,
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shav'n, and disarm'd, among mine enemies.

Chor. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou could'st repress, nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour, or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the hearts of gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

Sams. Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure,
With touch etherial of heav'n's fiery rod,

535 *lay my head*] Spens. F. Q. ii. vi. 14.
'——— laying his head disarm'd
In her loose lap ———.' *Todd.*

545 *cheers*] Judges ix. 13. 'Wine which cheereth God and man.'

549 *touch*] Lucr. iv. 409. '*Contingens* fervidus igne.' Hor. Od. iii. xiii. 9. 'Aura caniculæ nescit *tangere*.' Sid. Apoll. xxiii. 94. 'fulminei *tactus*.'

I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envied them the grape,
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

CHOR. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

SAMS. But what avail'd this temperance, not complete
Against another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My nation, and the work from heav'n impos'd,
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pitied object, these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clust'ring down,
Vain monument of strength, till length of years
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure?
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of servile food

569 *Robustious*] Drayton's Baron's Warrs, 1627. c. v. st. 85.

'Cast from my seat, in some *robustious* course.' *Todd.*

Consume me, and oft invocated death
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains. [that gift
MAN. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with
Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bedrid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn.
But God, who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay
After the brunt of battle, can as easy
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;
And I persuade me so; why else this strength
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
His might continues in thee not for nought,
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.
SAMS. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself,
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.
MAN. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
From anguish of the mind and humours black,

595 *race*] May's Cleopatra, p. 48.
'My race of life, and glory is not run.'

That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Must not omit a father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom or how else: mean while be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit.

SAMS. O that torment should not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast, and reins;
But must secret passage find
To th' inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense,
Though void of corporal sense.
My griefs not only pain me
As a ling'ring disease,
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification. [stings,
Thoughts my tormentors, arm'd with deadly
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb,
Or medicinal liquor can asswage,

605 *healing*] Eurip. Hippol. v. 478.
Εἰσὶν δ' ἐπῳδαί, καὶ λόγοι θελκτήριοι. *Todd*

627 *Medicinal*] Milton always spells this word 'Medcinal.'

Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of heav'n's desertion.
I was his nursling once, and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by heavenly message twice descending:
Under his special eye
Abstemious I grew up, and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightiest deeds,
Above the nerve of mortal arm,
Against the uncircumcised, our enemies:
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated
The subject of their cruelty and scorn.
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death,
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.
Chor. Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ

With studied argument, and much persuasion
Lenient of grief and anxious thought: [sought,
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man!
That thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st
Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wand'ring loose about
Grow up and perish, as the summer fly,
Heads without names no more remember'd,
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To some great work, thy glory,
And people's safety, which in part they effect:
Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft

669 *contrarious*] Chaucer, Leg. of Dido, 435.
'Sens that the goddess ben *contrarious* to me.'
Todd.

676 *summer fly*] Hen. VI. P. iii., act ii. sc. vi.
'The common people swarm like *summer flies*.' *Todd.*

Amidst their height of noon,
Changest thy countenance, and thy hand with no
regard
Of highest favours past
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.
Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismission,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them
high,
Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass of omission;
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd;
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.
If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases and deform'd,
In crude old age:
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suff'ring
The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,
Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.
So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already!

694 *dogs*] Hom. Il. i. 4. *Newton.*

700 *crude*] Premature, coming before its time, as 'Cruda funera' in Statius. *Jortin.*

Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.
But who is this? what thing of sea or land? 710
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles 715
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,

710 *who is this*]

' Sed hic quis est, quem huc advenientem conspicor,
Suam qui undantem chlamydem quassando facit?'
Plauti Epid. act. iii. sc. 3.

714 *a stately ship*] This passage may be well illustrated by a quotation from a Sermon called Wilkinson's 'Merchant Royall,' preached at the nuptials of the Lord Hay, in 1607 4to. The text is from Proverbs, xxxi. 14. *She is like a Merchants shippe, she bringeth her foode from afarre!* "But of all qualities, a woman must not have one quality of a ship, and that is, too much rigging. Oh! what a wonder it is to see a ship under saile, with her tacklings and her masts, and her tops, and her top-gallants, with her upper deckes, and her nether deckes, and so bedeckt with her streamers, flags, and ensignes, and I know not what; yea, but a world of wonders it is to see a woman created in God's image, so miscreate oft times and deformed with her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions, that he that made her, when hee lookes upon her, shall hardlie know her, with her plumes, her fannes, and a silken vizard, with a ruffe like a saile, yea, a ruffe like a rainebow, with a feather in her cap, like a flag in her top, to tell, I think, which way the winde will blowe." p. 15.

Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,
And now, at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife.

Sams. My wife! my traitress: let her not come near me.

Chor. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd,
About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd,
Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil:
But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
May expiate, though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw,
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
No way assur'd: but conjugal affection,
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on, desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If aught in my ability may serve

720 *amber*] Sylvester's Du Bartas (1621), p. 311. 'Soft carpet knights all *senting* musk and *amber*.' *Todd.*

728 *Like*] Virg. Æn. ix. 436. Hom. Il. viii. 306.

To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash, but more unfortunate, misdeed.

Sams. Out, out, hyæna! these are thy wonted
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His virtue or weakness which way to assail;
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd,
With goodness principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Entangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
As I by thee, to ages an example.

Dal. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endea-
To lessen or extenuate my offence,
But that, on th' other side if it be weigh'd
By itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness

In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is, for nought,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
To what I did thou show'dst me first the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not;
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's [frailty.
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
Let weakness then with weakness come to parle,
So near related, or the same of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me than in thyself was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me
As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw than by impórtuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd

[785] *parle*] See Par. L. vi. 296. P. Reg. iv. 529. Shakesp. Tam. of a Shrew, act i. sc. 1. *Todd.*

Against thee but safe custody and hold :
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed :
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night,
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines,
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love.
These reasons in love's law have past for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not austere
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Sams. How cunningly the sorceress displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;
I to myself was false ere thou to me;
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Confess it feign'd; weakness is thy excuse,
And I believe it, weakness to resist
Philistian gold; if weakness may excuse,

What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or man will gain thee no remission.
But love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To satisfy thy lust. Love seeks to have love:
My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way
To raise in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more. plea

Dal. Since thou determin'st weakness for no
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented,
Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of men,
The constantest, to have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with me. Thou know'st the magis- trates
And princes of my country came in person,
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, press'd how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious, to entrap
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the gods
It would be to ensnare an irreligious
Dishonourer of Dagon. What had I

T' oppose against such powerful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim,
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining.

SAMS. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation chose thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but over-power'd
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection but my own,
Thou mine, not theirs. If aught against my life
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations,

No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men, conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name so dear;
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
To please thy gods thou didst it; gods unable
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, gods cannot be;
Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd.
These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

DAL. In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

SAMS. For want of words, no doubt, or lack
of breath,
Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

DAL. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
Afford me place to show what recompense
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
Misguided; only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
To afflict thyself in vain. Though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
Where other senses want not their delights
At home in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.

I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age,
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

Sams. No, no; of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;
Nor think me so unwary or accurst,
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils,
Thy fair enchanted cup and warbling charms
No more on me have power, their force is null'd,
So much of adder's wisdom I have learnt
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me
Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;
How would'st thou use me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in most things as a child
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,

[938] *flower*] Lucret. i. 565. Hom. Il. N. 484. Virg. Æn. vii. 162. Sil. Ital. xv. 34.

And last neglected ? how would'st thou insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will
In perfect thraldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the lords
To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile ?
This gaol I count the house of liberty
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

DAL. Let me approach at least and touch thy hand.

SAMS. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee, go with that,
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious women, faithful wives :
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treason : so farewell.

DAL. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore :
Thy anger unappeasable still rages,
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate ?
Bid go with evil omen and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd ?
To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd,

And with contrâry blast proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcis'd,
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
To all posterity may stand defam'd,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduc'd.
But in my country where I most desire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
I shall be nam'd among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
With odours visited and annual flowers;
Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd.
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The public marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
Which to my country I was judg'd to have shown.
At this who ever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own. [sting
Chor. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd. [me,
Sams. So let her go: God sent her to debase

972 *contrâry*] Habington's Castara, 1635, p. 116.
'By virtue of a clean contrâry gale.' *Todd.*

And aggravate my folly, who committed
To such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.
CHOR. Yet beauty, tho' injurious, hath strange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt
And secret sting of amorous remorse. [end;
SAMS. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord
Not wedlock-treachery endang'ring life.
CHOR. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
Which way soever men refer it,
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing sit.
If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy paranymph, worthless to thee compar'd,
Successor in thy bed,
Nor both so loosely disallied
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head,
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts

1008 *Love*] Terence, And. iii. 3. 23.
'Amantium iræ, amoris integratio est.' *Newton.*

Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but oftest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?
  Whate'er it be to wisest men and best
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry enslav'd
With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,
Imbark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm?
  Favour'd of heav'n who finds
One virtuous, rarely found,
That in domestic good combines:
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth;
But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,
And all temptation can remove,
Most shines and most is acceptable above.
  Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,

Smile she or lour:
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, or dismay'd.
But had we best retire? I see a storm. [rain.
SAMS. Fair days have oft contracted wind and
CHOR. But this another kind of tempest brings.
SAMS. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past. [fear
CHOR. Look now for no inchanting voice, nor
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him
I less conjecture than when first I saw [hither
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.
SAMS. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.
CHOR. His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives. [chance,
HAR. I come not, Samson, to condole thy
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,

1065 *Look*] Euripid. Med. 771.
——δεχου δὲ μὴ πρὸς ἡδονὴν λογόυς. *Todd.*
1066 *honied*] Withers' Fidelia, 1622.
'His *honied words*, his bitter lamentations.' *Todd.*
1075 *fraught*] Tit. Andronic. iv. 2.
'As the bark that hath discharg'd her *fraught*.'
And Othello, act iii. sc. 3. 'Swell, bosom, with thy *fraught*.'
Todd.

Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath,
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old
That Kiriathaim held; thou know'st me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
That I was never present on the place
Of those encounters, where we might have tried
Each other's force in camp or listed field:
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report.

Sams. The way to know were not to see but taste.

Har. Dost thou already single me? I thought
Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
Had brought me to the field where thou art fam'd
To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown;
So had the glory of prowess been recover'd
To Palestine, won by a Philistine
From the unforeskinn'd race, of whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant acts: that honour
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

Sams. Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do

What then thou wouldst, thou see'st it in thy hand.

HAR. To combat with a blind man I disdain,
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

SAMS. Such usage as your honourable lords
Afford me assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with their whole united powers
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber ambushes
Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping,
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold,
Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place inclos'd, where sight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,
Vant-brass and greves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,
A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield,
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
That in a little time, while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done

1121 *vant-brass*] Fairfax's Tasso, B. xx. st. 139.
'His shield was pierc'd, his *vant-brace* cleft and split.'
Newton.

To Samson, but shall never see Gath more.

HAR. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,
Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
Their ornament and safety, had not spells
And black enchantment, some magician's art,
Arm'd thee, or charm'd thee strong, which thou from heav'n
Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,
Where strength can least abide, tho' all thy hairs
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
Of chaf'd wild boars or ruffled porcupines.

SAMS. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;
My trust is in the living God, who gave me
At my nativity this strength, diffus'd
No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
Go to his temple, invocate his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
Which I to be the power of Israel's God
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
Off'ring to combat thee his champion bold,
With th' utmost of his godhead seconded:
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

HAR. Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be,

Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
Into the common prison, there to grind
Among the slaves and asses, thy comrádes,
As good for nothing else, no better service
With those thy boist'rous locks, no worthy match
For valour to assail, nor by the sword
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

SAMS. All these indignities, for such they are
From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to readmit the suppliant;
In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whose God is God,
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

HAR. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
He will accept thee to defend his cause,
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber.

SAMS. Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove me these?

HAR. Is not thy nation subject to our lords?

1162 *comrádes.*] Hen. IV. part 1. act. iv. sc. 2.
'And his comrades that daft the world aside.' *Newton.*

Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee
As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound
Into our hands; for hadst thou not committed
Notorious murder on those thirty men
At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,
Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,
To others did no violence nor spoil.

Sams. Among the daughters of the Philistines
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;
And in your city held my nuptial feast:
But your ill meaning politician lords,
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who threat'ning cruel death constrain'd the bride
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,
I us'd hostility, and took their spoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My nation was subjected to your lords.
It was the force of conquest; force with force
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.
But I a private person, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.
I was no private, but a person rais'd
With strength sufficient and command from heav'n

To free my country; if their servile minds
Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
But to their masters gave me up for nought,
Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
I was to do my part from heav'n assign'd,
And had perform'd it, if my known offence
Had not disabled me, not all your force:
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
As a petty enterprize of small enforce.
Har. With thee a man condemn'd, a slave in-[roll'd,
Due by the law to capital punishment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.
Sams. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.
Har. O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?
Sams. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.
Har. This insolence other kind of answer fits.
Sams. Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down

To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

HAR. By Astaroth ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries in irons loaden on thee. [fall'n,

CHOR. His giantship is gone somewhat crest-
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

SAMS. I dread him not, nor all his giant brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliah chief.

CHOR. He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

SAMS. He must allege some cause, and offer'd
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise [fight
Whether he durst accept the offer or not,
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

CHOR. Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
When God into the hands of their deliverer

Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous, and all such as honour truth;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd,
Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the light'ning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.
But patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict:
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endued
Above the sons of men; but sight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with those
Whom patience finally must crown.
This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest
Labouring thy mind

1284 *Swift*] Shakesp. Rich. II. act i. sc. 3.
'Be *swift* like *lightning* in the execution.' *Todd.*

More than the working day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I descry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
Comes on amain, speed in his look.
By his habit I discern him now
A public officer, and now at hand.
His message will be short and voluble.

Off. Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.

Chor. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

Off. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say;
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
And now some public proof thereof require
To honour this great feast and great assembly;
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad
T' appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

Sams. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore
Our law forbids at their religious rites [tell them,
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

Off. This answer, be assur'd, will not content them. [sort

Sams. Have they not sword-players, and ev'ry
Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
Jugglers, and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
But they must pick me out, with shackles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at their public mill,

To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.
Off. Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.
Sams. Myself? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debas'd
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To show them feats, and play before their God,
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.
Off. My message was impos'd on me with speed,
Brooks no delay. Is this thy resolution?
Sams. So take it with what speed thy message needs.
Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will pro-duce.
Sams. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.
Chor. Consider, Samson, matters now are strain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break.
He's gone, and who knows how he may report

1350 *report*] This is an inversion, as in the Classical writers. 'how he may add fuel, by reporting thy words.' Virg. *Æn.* iv. 477.

'Consilium vultu tegit ac spem fronte serenat.'

Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message more imperious,
More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.
SAMS. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to idols;
A Nazarite in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon?
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, profane?
CHOR. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.
SAMS. Not in their idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.
CHOR. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.
SAMS. Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds.
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in temples at idolatrous rites

For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

CHOR. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

SAMS. Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

CHOR. In time thou hast resolved, the man returns.

OFF. Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

SAMS. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
Masters' commands come with a power resistless

1387 *presage*] Euripid. Androm. 1075.
πρόμαντις θυμὸς ὥς τι προσδόκα. *Todd.*

To such as owe them absolute subjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
So mutable are all the ways of men.
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

Off. I praise thy resolution: doff these links;
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favour, and, perhaps, to set thee free.

Sams. Brethren, farewell; your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight
Of me as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
I know not. Lords are lordliest in their wine;
And the well feasted priest then soonest fir'd
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd;
No less the people on their holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself,
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
Great among the heathen round;
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told

Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire; that spirit that first rush'd on thee
In the camp of Dan
Be efficacious in thee now at need.
For never was from heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.
But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste
With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while
He seems; supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

MAN. Peace with you, brethren! my inducement hither
Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords new parted hence,
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock; I had no will,
Lest I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

CHOR. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee; say, reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

MAN. I have attempted one by one the lords
Either at home or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and father's tears,
To accept of ransom for my son their pris'ner.

1434 *shield*] See T. Warton's Note on Comus, ver. 658.

Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priests:
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They easily would set to sale: a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit,
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.
What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

CHOR. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

MAN. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

CHOR. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all:
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,
Made older than thy age through eyesight lost.

MAN. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled,
With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
And I persuade me God hath not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair,
Garrison'd round about him like a camp
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him further yet in some great service,
Not to sit idle with so great a gift
Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him.
And since his strength with eyesight was not lost,
God will restore him eyesight to his strength.

CHOR. Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

MAN. I know your friendly minds, and — O what noise!
Mercy of heav'n, what hideous noise was that?
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

CHOR. Noise call you it or universal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!

1494 *contain'd*] Ovid. Met. viii. 8.
'*Crinis* inhærebat *magni fiducia regni.*' *Todd.*

1508 *O what noise*] Christ. Patiens, p. 16. ed. Rom.
Ἀ ἃ πολυστόνων ἄϊον ἰαχαν γόων,
Φωνὴν ἑκλυον, ἔκλυον βοὰς στόνων, &c.

Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point. [noise:
MAN. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the
Oh it continues, they have slain my son.
CHOR. Thy son is rather slaying them, that outcry
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.
MAN. Some dismal accident it needs must be;
What shall we do, stay here, or run and see?
CHOR. Best keep together here, lest running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth.
This evil on the Philistines is fall'n;
From whom could else a general cry be heard?
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if his eyesight, for to Israel's God
Nothing is hard, by miracle restor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?
MAN. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought. [credible
CHOR. Yet God hath wrought things as in-
For his people of old; what hinders now?
MAN. He can, I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.
A little stay will bring some notice hither.
CHOR. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,

An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.
MESS. O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?
For dire imagination still pursues me.
But providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horror,
So in the sad event too much concern'd. [thee
MAN. The accident was loud, and here before
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.
MESS. It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter
MAN. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.
MESS. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n. [fall'n,
MAN. Sad; but thou know'st to Israelites not
The desolation of a hostile city. [saddest
MESS. Feed on that first, there may in grief be
MAN. Relate by whom. [surfeit.
MESS. By Samson.

1534 *needs*] 'Needs' is a neuter verb. See P. L. x. 80, and note. *Newton.*

1562 *Feed*] Two Gent. of Verona, act iii. sc. 1.
'*I have fed upon this* woe already,
And now excess of it will *make me surfeit*. *Todd.*

MAN. That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.
MESS. Ah! Manoa, I refrain too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.
MAN. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.
MESS. Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.
MAN. The worst indeed. O! all my hopes defeated
To free him hence! but death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
How died he; death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he?
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?
MESS. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.
MAN. Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.
MESS. By his own hands.
MAN. Self-violence? what cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself

1581 *death's wound*] Æn. xii. 322.
'Pressa est insignis gloria facti,
Nec sese Æneæ jactavit vulnere quisquam.'

Among his foes?

MESS. Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

MAN. O lastly over-strong against thyself!
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but, while things yet
Are in confusion, give us, if thou can'st,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.

MESS. Occasions drew me early to this city,
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high-street. Little I had dispatch'd
When all abroad was rumour'd, that this day
Samson should be brought forth to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre,
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats, where all the lords and each degree
Of sort might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,

When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts, and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their God with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested,
For so from such as nearer stood we heard,
As over-tir'd to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspicious led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclin'd,
And eyes fast fixt he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd:
At last with head erect thus cried aloud,
Hitherto, lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now of my own accord such other trial

I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater ;
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd .
As with the force of winds and waters pent
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunde-
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immixt, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself:
The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

Chor. O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious !
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel, and now liest victorious
Among thy slain, self-kill'd
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
Than all thy life had slain before. [sublime

1. Semichor. While their hearts were jocund an
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
Chanting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells

In Silo his bright sanctuary:
Among them he a spirit of frenzy sent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urged them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer;
They, only set on sport and play,
Unweetingly importun'd
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
And with blindness internal struck.
2. Semichor. But he, though blind of sight,
Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an ev'ning dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roosts
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue given for lost,
Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,
Like that self-begotten bird

1689 *inward*] H. More, Song of the Soul 1642. c. iii. st. 9. 'Our *inward eyes* that they be nothing bright.'

1695 *villatic*] Plin. lib. xxiii. sect. 17. 'Villaticas alites.' *Richardson.*

In the Arabian woods imbost,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay ere while a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd,
And though her body die, her fame survives
A secular bird ages of lives.

MAN. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause: Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds. To Israel
Honour hath left and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion,
To himself and father's house eternal fame;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies

1700 *imbost*] Sandy's Psalms, p. 65. 'Lord! as the hart imbost with heat.' Quarles's Emblems, p. 290, 'imbost doth fly.' Marino's Slaugh. of the Innocents, p. 61. Whiting's Albino and Bellama, p. 107.

Soak'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while,
Gaza is not in plight to say us nay,
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train
Home to his father's house: there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour and adventures high:
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt,
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,

1733 *Home*] See Par. Reg. iv. 638.
'Home to his mother's house private return'd.'

1740 *high*] Hawes's Past. of Pleasure, 1554. ch. xxxii.
'Right *high aduentures* unto you shall fall.' *Todd.*

And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent:
His servants he, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

1755 *acquist*] Heath's Chron. of Civil Wars, fol. p. 402, 'his unjust *acquists*.' *Todd*.

Note] It was the custom of the scholars who lived in the age just previous to that of Milton, and who possessed a command of poetical language, to form dramas in Latin verse from scripture Histories. Besides the two volumes of the 'Dramata Sacra;' there is the 'Abramus' of Th. Beza, the 'Parabata Vinctus' of Thuanus, the 'Christus Patiens,' the 'Sophom-paneas,' and the 'Adamus Exsul,' of Grotius, the 'Jephthas,' and 'Baptistes' of Buchanan, the 'Herodes Infanticida' of Dan. Heinsius. These I have read, probably there are others with which I am not acquainted; there are also many Italian Dramas formed on the sacred history, and our old mysteries. The Greek translation of this play by G. H. Glasse, has been pronounced to be 'a work constructed with such precision, and expressed with such elegance, as never appeared in Europe since the revival of learning.' *Parr's Letters*, i. p. 637.

COMUS, A MASK.

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE.

THE PERSONS.

The attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of THYRSIS.
COMUS with his crew.
The LADY.
First BROTHER.
Second BROTHER.
SABRINA the Nymph.

The chief persons who presented were

The Lord BRACKLEY.
Mr. THOMAS EGERTON, his brother.
The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

COMUS, A MASK,

THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A WILD WOOD.

The Attendant SPIRIT *descends or enters.**

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,

* *The Attendant Spirit*] The Spirit is called 'Dæmon' in the Cambridge MS. *Warton.*

[1] *starry*] 'Who calls Minerva from the starry court.' Sharpe's Noble Stranger, p. 48. 'In that high starry court.' Marino's Sl. of the Innocents, p. 130; and Cupid's Whirligig, p. 1. (1611.)

'And thus with winges, and bowe came I
Newly from *Jove's high courte in* skie.'

[7] *pester'd*] Crowded. Ital. Pesta, a crowd. v. Hall's Sat. b. iv. s. 7. *Todd.*

Amongst the enthron'd Gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity;
To such my errand is; and but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep;
Which he, to grace his tributary Gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring, nurs'd in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear
wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;

And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell: who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the sun, whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine?
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clust'ring locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd:
Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
Excels his mother at her mighty art,

50 *who knows*] Spenser's Britain's Ida, c. i. st. 1.

'In Ida's vale (who knows not Ida's vale). *Todd.*

58 *Comus*] Consult Warton's and Todd's note on the subject of *Comus:* from which we find, that though he had appeared as a *dramatic* personage before, Milton first raised him into poetical celebrity.

Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they taste,
(For most do taste through fond intemp'rate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heav'n, to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: But first I must put off
These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

Comus. The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire

93 *star*] Chapman's Homer's Hymn to Pan. 'When *Hesperus* calls to *fold* the flocks of men.'

97 *Atlantic*] Beaumont's Psyche, c. iii. s. xi. p. 27.

108 *Advice*] The Cambridge MS. 'And quick Law,' which Warburton prefers.

Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come let us our rights begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air;
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat, and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end

123 *Night*] ——'They soone bring night,
Other sweets to waite thee then.'
Donne's Poems, p. 121.
And see Seven Champions of Christendom, p. 55. 4to. 1638

125 *rights*] 'Rites.' Fenton, Newton, Warton, (ed. 1).

132 *spets*] 'Spits.' Fenton, Tickell, Newton, wrongly.

Of all thy dues be done, and none left but,
Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice morn, on th' Indian steep
From her cabin'd loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright: Some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,

139 *steep*]
'Aurora rose with ruddy face upon the Indian Heaven.'
Sylvest. Du Bartas, p. 392.

140 *loophole*] See note on Lallah Rookh, p. 393, ed. 8vo.

154 *spungy*] G. Peele's Works, by Dyce, ii. 262. ed. 1829. 'Not clouds cast from this *spungie element*.' This word is used in N. Richards's Messalina, Sig. B 7, 'shall squeeze their *spungie* virtue into vice.'

And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my course:
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unplausible.
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes, I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

THE LADY ENTERS.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance, they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loath

161 *glozing*] See Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 92.

163 *Wind*] Win. Tickell, Fenton.

165 *magic dust*] This referred to ver. 154, 'my dazzling spells,' which originally stood 'powdered spells.'

166 *I shall appear*] The ed. of 1673,

'I shall appear some harmless villager,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.
But here she comes, I fairly step aside.'

Where, besides the transposition, the line, 'Whom thrift,' &c. is omitted. *Warton.*

168 *fairly*] softly. Hurd.

To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far;
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me: else, O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth

180 *inform*] Sams. Agon. 335. '*inform'd* your younger feet.' *Warton.*

189 *votarist*] Benlowe's Theophila, p 32 and p. 60.
'Sad votaresse! thy Earth of late o'ergrown
With weeds,' &c.

195 *thiev h*] P. Fletcher's Pisc. Eclog. p. 34, ed. 1633,
'The *thievish night* steals on the world.' *Warton.*

Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.—
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:
I cannot halloo to my Brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

221 *Was I deceiv'd*] Ov. Fast. v. 545.
' Fallor? an arma sonant? Non fallimur: arma sonabant.'
Hurd.

SONG.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere!
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

Enter COMUS.

COM. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine inchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,

231 *shell*] The margin of the Cambridge MS. 'Cell.' Hurd and Warburton observe that 'shell' means the horizon, the hollow circumference of the heavens.

At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

LAD. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise

252 *Of darkness*] See T. Heywood's Love's Mistresse, p. 14, 4to. and Milton's Life, p. xv. note.

253 *Circe*] On Milton's having intermixed the 'Sirens' with 'Circe,' T. Warton's note may be consulted, p. 283.

258 *barking*] Giles Fletcher's *Christ's Victorie and Triumph*, 1632, p. 55.

'And more in heaps the barking surges band.'
A. Dyce.

259 *Charybdis*] Sil. Ital. xiv. 474.

'Scyllæi tacuere canes, stetit atra Charybdis.' *Warton.*

267 *goddess*] See Cowley's Love's Riddle, p. 117.

That is address'd to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COM. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

LAD. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

COM. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

LAD. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

COM. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LAD. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring. [Lady?

COM. And left your fair side all unguarded,

LAD. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

COM. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

LAD. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COM. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

LAD. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

COM. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LAD. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

COM. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,

273 *extreme*] Mirror for Mag. (ed. 1610) p. 430.
'In rustie armour, as in extream shift.' *Todd.*

292 *loose*] Benlowe's Theophila, p. 247 'The tired oxe sent in loose traces home.' 'Medio die *interjunxerunt*.' Seneca de Tranq. Animi, Cap. ult. vol. i. p. 385. See Lip-

And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them.

LAD. Gentle Villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COM. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

LAD. To find that out, good Shepherd, I sup-
In such a scant allowance of star-light, [pose,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.

COM. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;

sius's note on the force of this word. See too Arati Diosem. ver. 93.

297 *human*] The editions vary in pointing, either after 'human,' or after 'they stood.'

301 *plighted*] Folded. Milton's H. of England, b. ii. 'she wore a *plighted* garment of divers colours.' *Todd.*

304 *plighted clouds*] Euripidis Orest. 1647. ἐν αἰθέρος πτυχαῖς. *A. Dyce.*

And if your stray-attendants be yet lodg'd
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch'd pallat rouse; if otherwise
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

LAD. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

Enter The TWO BROTHERS.

1 BR. Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou, fair moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,

331 *Unmuffle*] Benlowe's Theophila, st. xxii. p. 202. 222.

'Unmuffle, ye dim clouds, and disinherit
From black usurping mists.'

Shirley's Young Admiral, act ii. sc. 2.

——— not a star
Muffled his brightness in a sullen cloud.'

See Gascoigne's Jocasta, p. 99. Lisle's Du Bartas, p. 106. Browne's Shepherd's Pipe, vol. iii. p. 41. 129. Thorney Abbey, p. 48, for the use of this word.

And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush candle, from the wicker-hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light;
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

2 Br. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister,
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.

334 *disinherit*] Nabbes's Microcosmus. Reed. ix. p. 116.

' ——— air had best
Confine himself to his three regions,
Or else I'll *disinherit* him.'

340 *rule*] Eurip. Ικετ. 650. Ἡλίου κανων σαφης. *Hand.*

346 *cock*] Benlowes's Theophila, p. 199,

' Before the cock, light herald, day-break sings
To his feathery dames.'———

What, if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

1 Br. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion!
I do not think my Sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,

[361] *For grant*] This line obscures the thought, and loads the expression: it had been better out. *Warburton.*

[376] *seeks to*] This expression, 'seeks to,' common in our transl. of the Bible. Isaiah xi. 10. Deut. xii. 5. 1 Kings x. 24. Eccles. iv. 12. *Warton. Todd.*

[378] *plumes*] I believe the true reading to be 'prunes.' *Warton.*

That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

2 Br. 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,

380 *all-to*] So read as in editions 1637, 1645, 1673, not 'too ruffled;' 'all-to' is 'entirely.' See Tyrwhitt's Gloss. Chauc. v. To. Upton's Gloss. Spens. v. 'all.' *Warton.*

380 *ruffled*] Benlowes's Theophila, p. 222. 'Retreating to sweet shades our shattered thoughts we piece.'

389 *senate*] See Tooke's Div. of Purley, i. p. 90, ed. 4to.

And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned Sister.

1 Br. I do not, Brother,
Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state
Secure without all doubt, or controversy;
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My Sister is not so defenceless left,
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

2 Br. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

1 Br. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own;
'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity:
She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,

413 *squint*] Quarles's Feast for Wormes (1633), p. 48. 'Heart-gnawing hatred, and *squint-eyed* suspicion.' *Warton.*

421 *Infamous*] Hor. Od. i. iii. 20. 'Infames scopulos.' *Newton.*

Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meager hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; Gods and men

426 *bandite*] Tickell changed 'bandite' into 'banditti,' and 'Dian' into 'Diana.'

431 *shagg'd*] Benlowes's Theophila, p. 226.

'Embost with trees, with bushes shagg'd.'

432 *Some say*] Hamlet, act 1, sc. 1. 'But then, *they say*, *no spirit walks* abroad.'

433 *fog*] Milton here had his eye on Fletcher's F. Shepherdess, act 1. 'I have heard, (my mother told it me),' &c. *Newton.*

Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.

449 *freez'd*] Dante Inferno, c. ix. Che se 'l Gorgon si mostra.

455 *liveried*] Nabbes's Microcosmus, p. 22.

469 *divine*] Hor. Sat. ii. ii. 79.
'Atque affligit humo divinæ particulam auræ!' *Todd.*

Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
Ling'ring and sitting by a new made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.
2 Br. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
1 B. List, list, I hear
Some far off halloo break the silent air.
2 B. Methought so too; what should it be?
1 B. For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.
2 B. Heav'n keep my Sister. Again, again, and near;
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.
1 B. I'll halloo;
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *habited like a shepherd.*

That halloo I should know, what are you? speak;

478 *Apollo's*] Love's Lab. Lost, act iv. sc. iii.
——— 'as sweet and *musical*
As bright *Apollo's lute*—' *Bowle.*

Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.
SPIR. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again.
2 B. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.
1 B. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale.
How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?
SPIR. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company? [blame,
1 BR. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.
SPIR. Aye me unhappy! then my fears are true.
1 BR. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly show.
SPIR. I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,
What the sage poets, taught by th' heavenly Muse,

509 *sadly*] Soberly, seriously. P. L. vi. 541. *Newton.*

Storied of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras, and inchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmolding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face: this I have learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom-glade, whence, night by night,
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
T' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,

520 *navel*] 'Ætolos, qui *umbilicum* Græciæ incolerent. Liv. lib. xxxv. c. 18.

I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close,
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy frighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep;
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death: but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear Sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor hapless nightingale thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place,

553 *drowsy frighted*] So eds. 1637, 1645, 1673. Cant. MS. and Newton, 'drowsy-flighted.'

Where that damn'd wisard, hid in sly disguise,
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent Lady his wish'd prey,
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not.

2 Br. O night and shades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, Brother?

1 Br. Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not inthrall'd;
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,

And earth's base built on stubble. But come,
let's on.
Against the opposing will and arm of heaven
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to return his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

SPIR. Alas! good vent'rous Youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

1 BR. Why prithee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation?

SPIR. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:

604 *sooty flag*] P. Fletcher's Locusts, p. 58. (1627.)
'All hell run out, and *sooty flagges* display.' *Todd.*

He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken e'en to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon:
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of sovereign use
'Gainst all inchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies' apparition.
I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,

636 *moly*] Golding's Ovid's Met. B. xiv. p. 170,

'——a whyght
Faire flowre, whose roote is blacke, and of the Gods it *moly* hyght.
Assurde by this, and heavenly hestes, he entred Circe's bowre,' &c.

See Plin. N. Hist. xxv. c. 8, 4. Valen. viii. de fac. Simpl. Med. p. 129. Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 83.

637 *wise*] Valiant Welshman, by R. A. 1615.

'——This precious soveraign herbe
That Mercury to wise Ulysses gave.' *Todd.*

Till now that this extremity compell'd:
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

1 BR. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And some good Angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS *appears with his rabble, and the* LADY *set in an inchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

COM. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,

651 *rush*] Ov. Metam. xiv. 293. Ulysses rushes on Circe.

——————Intrat
Ille domum Circes, et ad insidiosa vocatus
Pocula, conantem virga mulcere capillos
Repulit; et *stricto* pavidam deterruit *ense*.
Warton.

Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
And you a statue, or as Daphne was
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LAD. Fool, do not boast,
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled, while heav'n sees good.

COM. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far: See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd.
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such pow'r to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,

672 *julep*] Llewellyn's Poems, p. iii.
'There no cold *Julep* can relieve
Those who in eternal fevers grieve.'
Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 83.
'I'll fetch a *Julep* for to cool your blood.'

679 *cruel*] Shaksp. Son. i.
'Thyself thy foe, *to thy sweet self so cruel.*' *Todd.*

And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you receiv'd on other terms;
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.

LAD. 'Twill not, false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the Cottage, and the safe abode
Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd inchantments, foul deceiver;
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

COM. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears

To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch'd th' all-worshipp'd ore, and precious gems,
To store her children with: if all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,

707 *budge*] Skeltons Magnificence, 4to. p. 13. 'In the stede of a *budge furre*.' Rump Songs (1662) p. 211. 'With Presbyterian *budge*.' Rowland's Satires, Sat. 2. p. C. 3. 'His Jacket fac'd with moth eaten budge.' Bugg, Buge, Budge, is lamb's fur.—Budge Batchlors, a company of poor old men clothed in long gowns lined with lamb's fur, who attend on the Lord Mayor the first day he enters on his office. Cullum's H. of Haustead, p. 11.

707 *fur*] Shirley's Triumph of Peace, p. 2. 'a grim philosophical-fac'd fellow in his gowne *furr'd*.' Brome's Love-sick Court, p. 141. 'He clothes his words in furrs and hoods.' P. Plowman, p. 35. 'That Physicke shall his *furr'd hood* for his fode sell.' And Censura Literaria, vol. vii. p. 18.

710 *Nature*] Heywood's Golden Age, p. 56. 4to. 1611.

Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility;
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,

730 *air*] See Drayton's Polyolbion, Song 25. p. 1156.
732 *The sea*] See Benlowes's Theophila, st. xvii. p. 97.

Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

LAD. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler

748 *homely*] The same turn of expression in the opening of the Two Gent. of Verona:

'*Home-keeping* youth have ever *homely* wits.' *Newton.* Middleton's Mich. Terme, p. 14,

'Let *coarser* beauties work within,
Whom the light mocks; thou art fair and fresh.'

748 *keep home*] so Plauti Menœchm. act. 1. sc. i. 29. 'Domi domitus fui.'

751 *tease*] Juv. Sat. vi. 289. 'Vellere Tusco *vexatæ* duræque manus.' Fleming's Virgil, p. 14. Wenches toozing wool. Shakespeare's Poems, p. 200, 'teasing wool.'

752 *vermeil-tinctur'd*] Lucr. ii. 500. 'Concharum tincta colore.' Benlowes's Theophila, p. 2. 'Crouch low! Oh, vermeil tinctur'd cheek!'—The last mention of this 'word' vermeil, as applied to the cheek, I know, is in Fielding's Love in Several Masques, act i. sc. 5. Lord Formal says, 'It has exagitated my complexion to that exorbitancy of *vermeille*,' &c.

753 *tresses*] Hom. Od. v. 390. Nonni Dionysiaca, xi. 388. Εὐσμηρίγγος Ἥοῦς. Stanley's Poems, p. 47.

'She whose loosely flowing hair
Scatter'd like the beams o' the morn.'

Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no wit incumber'd with her store;
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad pow'r of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery,
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,

And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

COM. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power:
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon-laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood:
But this will cure all straight, one sip of this

797 *brute*] Hor. Od. i. xxxiv. 9. 'Bruta tellus.' *Warton.*

809 *lees*] I like the MS. reading best,

'This is mere moral stuff, the very lees.'

'Yet' is bad. 'But' very inaccurate. *Hurd.*

Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

The BROTHERS *rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The* ATTENDANT SPIRIT *comes in.*

SPIR. What, have you let the false inchanter 'scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,
And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:
Yet stay, be not disturb'd: now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.

[816] *revers'd*] Ov. Metam. xiv. 300. '*Conversæ* verbere *virgæ*.' This Sandys translates, 'her wand reverst.' *Warton.*

[826] *Sabrina*] Rob. of Gloucester's Chron. 61. p. 25. ed. Hearne.

She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in.
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodel,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropp'd in ambrosial oils, till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the river: still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals.
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invok'd in warbled song,
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,

829 *She*] So ed. 1645, and MS. Eds. 1637, and 1695, 'The.' Tickell, Fenton, Ed. 1713, and Warton, 'She.'

In hard-besetting need ; this will I try,
And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
  Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
  In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;
  Listen for dear honour's sake,
  Goddess of the silver lake,
    Listen and save.
Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace,
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wisard's hook,
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,

865 *amber-dropping*] Consult Warton's note. Todd gives an extract from Nash's Terrors of the Night, 1594. 'Their *haire* they ware *loose* unrowled about their shoulders, whose dangling *amber* trammells reaching downe beneath their knees, seemed to *drop baulme* on their delicious bodies.'

868 *great*] Hes. Theog. 20. Ὠκεανόν τε μέγαν. *Newton.*

871 *hoary*] Virg. Georg. iv. 392. 'Grandævus Nereus.' *Newton.*

872 *Carpathian*] 'Carpathius vates.' Stat. Ach. i. 136. Val. Flacc. ii. 317.

And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen and save.

SABRINA *rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet,
Thus I set my printless feet

890 *rushy*] I would read 'rush-yfringed.' *Warton.*

893 *azurn*] Ital. 'azzurino.' *Todd.*

894 *green*] On gems in Sabrina's stream. See Cowley's Silva, p. 46.

897 *printless*] Shakesp. Temp. act v. s. 1. 'And ye, that on the sands with *printless foot*.' *Warton.*

O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle Swain, at thy request
I am here.
SP. Goddess dear,
We implore thy pow'rful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.
SABR. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity:
Brightest Lady, look on me;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.

907 *inchanter*] Faer. Q. iii. 12. 31. 'And her before *the vile enchaunter* sate.' *Todd.*

915 *rubied*] Wither. Mist. of Philarete, (Percy's Rel. iii. 264.) 'Wanton eye or *lip of ruby*.' *Todd.*

918 *moist*] 'The moone though *moist* and *cold* she be.'
Randolph's Poems, p. 49.

SABRINA *descends, and the* LADY *rises out of her seat.*

SP. Virgin, daughter of Locrine
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tow'r and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.
Come, Lady, while heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice

924 *brimmed*] 'brined,' Warburton; a wrong and tasteless alteration: 'brimmed' is connected with the two following lines. Lucret. ii. 362,

'Fluminaque illa queunt, *summis labentia ripis*.'

930 *flood*] Sylv. Du Bartas, p. 171.

'——— dirty *mudds*
Defil'd the crystal of smooth sliding *floods*.'
Dunster.

With some other new device.
Not a waste, or needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence, and beside
All the swains that there abide,
With jigs, and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer;
Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the President's castle; then come in country dancers, after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *with the Two* BROTHERS, *and the* LADY.

SONG.

SP. Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next sunshine holiday;
Here be without duck or nod

951 *there*] So Milton's own edition, the MS. 'near.'

960 *duck*] K. Richard III. act i. sc. 3. '*Duck* with French *nods*.' *Warton.*

Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise,
With the mincing Dryades,
On the lawns, and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heav'n hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly, and intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT *epiloguises.*

SP. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair

972 *hard*] Milton is fond of this expression. P. L. iv. 932. 'from *hard* assays.' P. Reg. i. 264. iv. 478. *Todd.*

979 *broad*] MS. 'plain fields.' Fairfax, B. viii. st. 57.
O'er the *broad fields* of heaven's bright wildernesse.'
Warton and Todd.

Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing,
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can show,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd,

988 *There*] Milton's own edition, 1673, reads 'That there, but in the errata directs 'That' to be omitted; so it is by Tickell and Fenton, but silently readopted by Newton. *Warton.*

989 *musky*] See Cowley's Silva. p, 56, and Love's Riddle, p. 93. 'The musky kisses of the west wind.'

1002 *Assyrian*] Tickel and Fenton read 'the Cyprian Queen.'

Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd,
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free consent the Gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime:
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

1017 *corners*] Macbeth, a. 3. s. 5. 'Upon the *corner of the moon*.' *Warton.*

1021 *sphery*] 'sphery chime' is the chime or music of the spheres. Mids. N. Dream, act ii. sc. 7, 'Hermia's *sphery* eyne.' Machin's Dumbe Knight, (Reed's Old Pl. iv. 447), 'It was as silver as the *chime of spheres*.' Herrick's Hesp. p. 116, Fall down from those thy *chiming spheres*.'
Warton and Todd.

1023 *stoop*] 'bow.' MS.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody, the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637; and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhime.
He must not float upon his watery bier

[2] *myrtles brown*] Hor. Od. i. 25. 17. '*Pulla* magis atque *myrto*.' *Warton.*

[8] *dead*] 'Phillisides is dead.' Past. Ægl. on Sir P. Sidney's death, by L. B. v. 8 (Todd's Spenser, viii. 76), and v. 71.

'Sweet bowres of myrtel twigs, and lawrel faire.'

[10] *Who*] 'Neget quis carmina Gallo.' Virg. Ecl. x. 3. *Peck.*

[12] *watery*] See Theod. Prodrom. Dos. et Rhod. Am. p. 254, ed. Gaulm.

Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,

[14] *melodious*] Cleveland's Obsequy on Mr. King, 'I like not *tears in tune*.' *Todd.*

[17] *sweep*] 'E qui Calliopea alquanto surga,' Dante Purg. i. 9.

[19] *Muse*] 'Gentle Muse—*he* passes." See Jortin's Tracts, i. p. 341.

[23] *nurs'd*] Compare Past. Ægl. on Sir P. Sidney's death, by L. B. ver. 85.

'Through many a hill and dale, &c.'

[26] *opening*] Middleton's Game at Chess.

'——— Like a pearl,
Dropp'd from the *opening eyelids of the morn*.'

And Crashaw's Translation of Marino, 'The lids of day.'
Warton, Todd.

[29] *Batt'ning*] Drayton's Ecl. ix.

'Their *battening flocks* on grassie leas to hold.' *Warton.*

Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
Toward heav'n's descent had slop'd his west'ring wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damœtas lov'd to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,

33 *Temper'd*] On this word see P. Fletcher's Purple Isl. c. ix. st. 3. Par. Lost, vii. 598. *Warton.*

37 *thou art gone*] Browne's Sheph. Pipe (ecl. 4). 'But he is gone.

50 *Where*] Spenser's Astrophel, st. 22,

Ah, where were ye the while his shepheard peares, &c.
Warton.

Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her inchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)

[55] *wisard*] on the *wisard* stream of Deva, consult Warton's note.

[63] *swift*] Vir. Æn. 1. 321.

'Volucremque fuga prævertitur Hebrum.' *Warton.*

[69] *tangles*] Benlowes's Theophila, p. 2. '*Entangled* thoughts in the trammels of their ambush hair.' Greene's never too late, 'Entangle men in their tresses.' p. 58. Shirley's Doubtful Heir. p. 36. G. Peele's Works, ed. Dyce, 1829, i. p. 17. ii. p. 11.

[70] *Fame*] "Quasi hic subesset ingens *Cupido gloriæ* quæ *etiam* sapientibus *novissima* exuitur." Stradæ Prelu. p. 161. ed. Ox.

To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glist'ring foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea

[74] *blaze*] So P. Reg. iii. 47.
'For what is glory but the *blaze of fame*.' *Warton.*

[75] *blind*] Spenser's R. of Rome. st. xxiv. 'If the *blind Furie* which warres breedeth oft.' *Warton.*

[77] *touched*] Virg. Ecl. vi. 3.
———Cynthius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit. *Peck.*

[79] *foil*] See Shakes. Henry IV. act. i. s. 2. *Warton.*

[85] *fountain*] Hom. Od. xiii. 408. Κρήνη Ἀρεθούσης. Virg. Ecl. x. 4. Æn. iii. 694. *Warton.*

[87] *higher*] 'I'll tune my reed unto a higher key.' Browne's Brit. Past. iv. 41.

That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flow'r inscrib'd with woe.
Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;

93 *question'd*] 'And *question'd* each wind that came that way.' Beaumont's Psyche, C. xviii. st. 56.

96 *Hippotades*] Æolus, the son of Hippotas, Hom. Od. x. 2. Ap. Rh. iv. 819. Ovid. Ep. ex Ponto, iv. x. 15, and elsewhere. *Warton.*

99 *Panope*] Alciphron Ep. lib. i. xix. 74. ed. Bergler.

103 *reverend*] 'One brought a *reverend syre!*' Whiting's Albino and Bellama, p. 5.

109 *Galilean*] 'Who on the troubled *Galilean Lake.*'
Hen. More's Poems, p. 322.

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs

110 *Two*]

'In either hand she held a massie key, . . .
The one of beaten burnish'd *gold*, ...
That in her left of swarthy *iron* is.'
Beaumont's Psyche, c. xvi. st. 140, and 141.

110 *keys*] Fletcher's Purple Island, c. vii. 62.

'Not in his lips, but hands two keys he bore,
Heaven's doors and Hell's to shut and open wide.'

and Dante Paradiso, v. 57. 'E della chiave.'

115 *climb*] 'Crept into the fold.' Prose Works, ii. 381, ed. Symmons.

121 *herdman's*] Milton writes it 'herdsman,' in his MS. 'Herdman,' is used in our transl. of the Bible, Amos i. 1. *Todd.*

Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,

[124] *Grate*] Virg. Ecl. iii. 26.

'——— solebus
Stridenti miserum stipulâ dispendere carmen.'
Newton.

[125] *sheep*] See Past. Ægl. by L. B. ver. 130, on Sir P. Sidney's death.

'Unhappie flock! that wander scattred now,
What marvell if through grief ye woxen leane,
Forsake your food, and hang your heads adowne!
For such a shepheard never shall you guide,
Whose parting hath of weale bereft you cleane.

[130] *two-handed*] 'Yet, maie the ax stande next the dore.' Sir T. Smith's Psalms. Restituta. iv. 189.

[136] *use*] i. e. frequent, inhabit. Spens. F. Q. Introd. b. vi. st. 2.

'In these strange waies, where never foot did *use*.'
Newton.

On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks:
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strow the laureate herse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,

138 *swart*] See Warton's note on this word.

153 *dally*] Gayton's Chartæ Scriptæ, p. 21.

'When our fond *thoughts* are wearied with the sports
O th' earth, we *dally* in the watry coasts.'

158 *monstrous*] The sea, the world of monsters. Hor. Od. i. 3. 18. Virg. Æn. vi. 729.

'Quæ marmoreo fert *monstra* sub æquore pontus.'

Warton.

Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Thro' the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

167 *watery floor*] Dante Purg. ii. 15. 'Sovra 'l suol marino.' Davison's Poet. Rhapsodie, p. 78.

169 *repairs*] Lidgate's Troy, p. 13, 'Long ere *Titan* 'gan make his *repaire*. Browne's Brit. Past. p. 88, 'Breathes to the sullen night a soft *repayre*.' See Fletcher's Christ's Victory, ii. 12; and the Adamus Exul Grotii, p. 28, 35; and Marino's Slaugh. of the Innoc. p. 45. 'His light immortal doth repair.' And Lucret. v. 733.

171 *forehead*] 'Oft seen in forehead of the frowning skies.' Sylvest. Du Bartas, p. 25.

177 *blest*] Past. Ægl. on Sir P. Sidney's death, by L. B. ver. 135.

'Phillisides is dead! O happie sprite
That now in heaven with blessed seules doest bide:
Looke down awhile from where thou sitst above,' &c.

There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

190 See Past. Ægl. on Sir P. Sidney's death, by L. B. ver. 159.

'The sun, lo! hastned hath his face to steep
In western waves; and th' aire with stormy showres,
Warnes us to drive homewards our silly sheep:
Lycon, lett's rise ————.'

193 *To-morrow*] Fletcher's P. Island, c. vi. s. 77.

'*To-morrow* shall ye feast in *pastures new*' *Warton.*

IL PENSEROSO.

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended;

[13] *too bright*] Hor. Od. i. xix. 5. 'Nimium lubricus aspici.'

[19] *Ethiop*] 'Noctem Æthiopissam.' Miltoni Prolus. p. 73.

Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:

35 *cyprus*] Winter's Tale, act iv. sc. 3.
'*Cyprus black* as e'er was crow.' *Warton.*

37 *keep*] '*State* in *wonted* manner *keep*.' Jonson's Cynth. Rev. act v. s. 6. *Warton.*

And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,

[58] *Smoothing*] Shakesp. Sonnets, 51.

[60] *checks*] Todd's Milton, vol. vi. p. 323.

[62] *Riding*] Eurip. Suppl. 992. ἱππέουσι δι' ὀρφνάιας.

Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,

75 *wide-water'd*] Constable's Son. Ellis's Spec. ii. p. 305.
'Or like the echo of a passing bell,
Which, sounding *on the water*, seems to howl.'

96 *Sceptred*] Miltoni Eleg. i. 37.
'Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
Quassat.' *Warton.*

Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string.
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchef'd in a comely cloud,

[110] *Cambuscan*] In the Squier's Tale of Chaucer, see Tyrwhitt's notes, vol. ii. p. 466, ed. 1798. *Todd.*

[122] *civil*] Rom. and Juliet, act iii. sc. 4.

'——— come, *civil* night,
Thou *sober-suited* matron, all in black.' *Warton.*

While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,

[141] *eye*] Son. i. 5.

'Thy liquid notes that close the *eye of day*.' *Warton.*

[146] *dewy*] 'Liquidique potentia somni.' Val. Flac. iv. 18. 'Irriguus somnus.' Plaut. Ep. i. ii. 18. 'Dewy sleep. Henry More's Poems, p. 263.

[148] *Wave*] Consult Warton's note on the structure of these lines.

Softly on my eyelids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heav'n doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

[156] *pale*] Warton conjectures that the right reading may be 'the studious cloister's pale.' i. e. enclosure.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
Find out some uncouth cell, [unholy,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous
And the night raven sings; [wings,
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In heav'n y-clep'd Euphrosyne,
And by Men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

[1] *Hence*] Compare Marston's Scourge of Villanie, b. iii. s. 10. (ed. 1598.) 'Sleepe grim reproof,' &c. *Warton.*

[5] *uncouth*] 'Searcht out the *uncouth cell* of thy abode.' Val. Welshman, 1615, act iv. s. 6. *Todd.*

[10] *Cimmerian*] Miltoni Prolus. 'Dignus qui *Cimmeriis* occlusus *tenebris* longam, et perosam vitam transigat.' *Warton.*

[15] *two*] *Meat* and *Drink*, the two sisters of Mirth. *Warburton.*

Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,

[22] *wash'd*] Shakesp. Tam. of Shrew, act ii. sc. 1.
'As morning *roses newly wash'd with dew*.'
Bowle.

[24] *buxom*] 'To make one *blithe*, *buxome*, and *deboneer*.' Randolph Aristippus, p. 310, ed. 1662. *Todd.*

[28] *Nods*] 'With *becks*, and *nods*, and *smiles* againe.' Burton's An. of Melanch. p. 449 (ed. 1628). *Warton.*

[35] *Come*] Shakes. Tempest, act iv. sc. 2.
'——— *Come* and *go*,
Each one *tripping* on his *toe*.' *Newton.*

In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,

42 *dull*] K. Hen. V. act iv. chorus,
'Piercing the *night's dull* ear.'
Steevens.

46 *good morrow*] Browne's Brit. Past. iii. 2.
'Twice bid good morrow to the nether world.'

50 *Scatters*] 'Gallum noctem explodentibus alis.' Lucret. iv. 714.

54 *morn*] Habington's Castora, p. 8, ed. 1640.
'——— rouse the morne,
With the shrill musicke of the horne.' *Warton.*

Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,

85 *messes*] Sylv. Du Bartas, p. 171.

'Yielding more holesom food then all the *messes*,
That now taste-curious wanton Plenty *dresses*.'

Warton.

Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste the bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead,
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he by friars' lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,

110 *lubber*] There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, God bless us, that had a gyaunt to her son, that was called *Lob-lye-by-the-fire.*' Knight of the B. Pestle, act iii. sc. 1. *Warton.*

Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,

[120] *weeds*] Troilus and Cressida, act iii. sc. 3.
'Great Hector in his *weeds of peace*.' *Todd.*

[122] *Rain*] From the Messaggiero of Tasso. '*Piovano* quaggiu della lor virtu.' Black's Life of Tasso, ii. 476.

Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus'self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

147 *Elysian flowers*] See Par. Lost, iii. ver. 359.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby, at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family; who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this song.

SONG I.

Look, Nymphs and Shepherds, look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook;
This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend;
Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise;
Less than half we find express'd,
Envy bid conceal the rest.

[5] *This*] Jonson's Ent. at Altrope, 1603.
'This is shee,
This is shee,
In whose world of grace,' &c. *Warton.*

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads;
This, this is she alone,
Sitting like a Goddess bright,
In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,
Or the tower'd Cybele,
Mother of a hundred Gods?
Juno dares not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparallel'd?

As they come forward, the GENIUS *of the wood appears, and turning toward them, speaks.*

GEN. Stay, gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alphéus, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good,

[29] *give*] Too lightly expressed for the occasion. *Hurd.*

[30] *Alphéus*] Virg. Æn. iii. 694.

'Alpheum, fama est, huc Elidis amnem
Occultas egisse *vias subter mare*, qui nunc
Ore, *Arethusa*, tuo,' &c. *Newton.*

I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching Fame has left untold;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know, by lot from Jove I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove;
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill:
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;

[46] *curl*] Jonson's Mask at Welbeck, 1633, ver. 15.
'When was old Sherwood's head more *quaintly curl'd*.'
Warton.

[50] *brush*] Tempest, act i. sc. 4.
'As *wicked dew* as e'er my mother *brush'd*.'
and P. L. v. ver. 429. *Warton.*

[52] *cross*] Shakesp. Jul. Cæs. act i. sc. 3.
'And when the *cross blue* lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven.' *Warton.*

And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless;
But else, in deep of night when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear;
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
The peerless height of her immortal praise,

[73] *gross*] Compare Shakesp. Merchant of Venice, act v. sc. 1.

'There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal sounds!
But whilst this *muddy* vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, *we cannot hear it.*

Shakesp. Mid. N. D. act iii. sc. 1.

And I will *purge thy mortal grossness* so, &c.
Warton.

Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds: yet as we go,
Whate'er the skill of lesser Gods can show,
I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
Where ye may all that are of noble stem
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

SONG II.

O'ER the smooth enamell'd green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,[1]
And touch the warbled string,
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.
Follow me,
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendour as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

SONG III.

NYMPHS and Shepherds dance no more

[89] *star*] 'Sun-proof arbours.' Sylvester's Du Bartas, 171, and G. Peele's David and Bethsabe, 1599.

'This shade, *sun-proof*, is yet no proof for thee.'

Warton and Todd.

By sandy Ladon's lilied banks;
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar
Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

[97] *By sandy Ladon's lilied banks*] Giles Fletcher's *Christ's Victorie and Triumph*, 1632. 'To *Ladon sands*,' p. 14. and 'On either side *bank't with a lily wall*,' p. 49. *A. Dyce.*

[97] *sandy*] Browne's Brit. Past. ii. st. iv. p. 107.

'The silver *Ladon* on his *sandy* shore.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT, DYING OF A COUGH.

I.

O Fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-lasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer
By boisterous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,

[1] *O*] Shakespeare's Passionate Pilgrim.
'Swet Rose, fair flower, untimely pluckt, soon vaded,
Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearle, alack, too timely shaded,
Fair Creature, kild too soone by Death's sharpe sting.'
Todd.

[6] *kiss*] Shakesp. Venus and Adonis,
'He *thought to kiss* him, and hath *kill'd* him so.'
Newton.

If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away the infámous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was held.

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far;
There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care.
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair biding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate,
Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power!

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,

12 *infámous*] The common accentuation of our elder poetry. Drummond's Urania, 1616,

'On this infámous stage of woe to die.' *Todd.*

Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;
Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?
Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear,)
Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in th' Elysian fields, (if such there were,)
Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight, [flight.
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall
Of sheeny Heav'n, and thou some Goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid, who once before
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,

[31] *wormy*] Shakesp. Mid. N. Dr. act iii. sc. ult.
'Already to their *wormy beds* are gone.' *Warton.*

[40] *were*] He should have said 'are,' if the rhyme had permitted. *Hurd.*

And cam'st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet-smiling youth?
Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that heavenly brood [good?
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed,
As if to show what creatures heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world and unto heav'n aspire?

X.

But oh, why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou, the Mother of so sweet a Child,
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,

[53] *Or wert*] In this line a dissyllable word is wanting. Mr. J. Heskin conjectured 'Or wert thou *Mercy*,' &c.

And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
This if thou do, he will an offspring give
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.*

ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

At a VACATION EXERCISE in the COLLEGE, part Latin, part English. *The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.*

HAIL, native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant lips,
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before:
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:

[5] *dumb silence*] Nonni Dionys. xv. 10. *ἀφωνήτω σιωπῇ*. Chapman's Homer's Il. p. 98, 'Dumb silence seiz'd them all.' Daniel's Poems, ii. 236. Wishart's Immanuel, p. 66. Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 5. England's Helicon, p. 259. C. Cotton's Poems, p. 239. Buchanan. Sylv. p. 310, 'tacitæ per muta silentia silvæ.'

Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst;
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
Not those new fangled toys, and trimming slight
Which takes our late fantastics with delight,
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire
Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And weary of their place do only stay
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
Look in, and see each blissful Deity

[30] *graver*] An anticipation of the subject of Par. Lost, if we substitute Christian for Pagan ideas. *Warton.*

How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
List'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire:
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
In Heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told,
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,
While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest,
Are held with his melodious harmony,
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compass of thy predicament:

[36] *thunderous*] Jortin proposed 'thunderer's throne;' but see P. L. x. 702, 'thunderous clouds;' and Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 420. 'Rushing with thundrous roar.'
Warton and Todd.

[37] *unshorn*] Hor. Od. i. xxi. 2. '*Intonsum*, pueri, dicite Cynthium.' And Pind. Pyth. Od. iii. 26. *Newton.*

[40] *watchful*] 'Vigiles flammas.' Ov. Art. Am. iii. 463. 'Vigil flamma.' Trist. iii. v. 4. *Warton.*

[52] *sweet*] Tasso, Gier. Lib. c. vi. st. 84. 'Giogo di *servitu dolce* e leggiero.' Du Bartas, p. 997. 'The willing chains of my captivitie. *Warton and Todd.*

Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
That to the next I may resign my room.

Then ENS *is represented as father of the Predicaments his ten sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his canons, which* ENS, *thus speaking, explains.*

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The fairy ladies danc'd upon the hearth;
Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
And sweetly singing round about thy bed
Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst
From eyes of mortals walk invisible: [still
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could presage,
And in time's long and dark prospective glass
Foresaw what future days should bring to pass;
Your son, said she (nor can you it prevent),
Shall subject be to many an Accident.
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,
Yet every one shall make him underling,
And those that cannot live from him asunder
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,

Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring war shall never cease to roar;
Yea it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

The next QUANTITY *and* QUALITY *spake in prose; then* RELATION *was called by his name.*

RIVERS, arise; whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulphy Dun,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirty arms along th' indented meads,
Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath,
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway smooth, or royal tower'd Thame.

[The rest was prose.]

94 *indented*] Sylvester's Du Bartas, D. iii. W. 1.
'Our silver Medway which doth deepe *indent*
The flowerie meadowes of my native Kent.' *Warton.*

98 *hallow'd*] 'holy Dee.' Randolph's Poems, p. 48, ed. 1640. *Todd.*

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heav'n's eternal king,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at heav'n's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,

Now while the heav'n by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wisards haste with odours sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

[19] *sun's team*] Henry IV. P. I. act iii. sc. 4. 'heavenly-harness'd *team*.' *Todd*.

[23] *star-led*] 'The *starre-led* sages that would Christ behold.' Bancroft's Sec. B. of Epigrams, Ep. 228. *Todd*. Storer's Life of Wolsey, p. 21.

> 'When wise *magicians* wandered far awide
> To find the place of our Messiah's birth.'

[23] *wisards*] Spenser's F. Q. iv. xii. 2. 'antique wisards.' i. iv. 12. 'and strong advizement of *six wisards old*.' *Warton*. 'The Syracusan wizard did invent.' Storer's Life of Wolsey, p. 12. And Fitz-Geffrey's Holy Raptures, p. 37. 17.

THE HYMN.

I.

It was the winter wild,
While the heav'n-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had dofft her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace; [sliding
She, crown'd with olives green, came softly
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;

And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

Nor war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,

64 *whist*] Nash's Dido, 1594. 'The ayre is cleere, and southerne *windes* are *whist*.' *Todd*. Golding's Ovid, p. 63. 'The waters *whist*.' 'Winds whist.' Aylet's Divine Poems, p. 65. 'If the *winde* be *whist*.' Marlowe's Hero and Leander, p. 13. 'far from the toure, when all is *whist* and still.' And see S. Hardinge's Com. Verses to W. Browne, from MS. in Beloe's Anecd. vi. 68.

'The *winds* that erst were *whist*
Beginne to roare,
Each tree, your songes beinge mist,
Shreeks as before.

Who now hath quite forgot to rave, [wave.
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed

VI.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,

Each sproutinge pauncie in the meade
For griefe begins to hang a head.

The weepinge brooke in grovelling tones glide umblinge doun,
Dimples its own sleeke cheeks, and thanks you with a frowne.'
And Quarles's Divine Poems, p. 23. 'The winds were whist.'

77 This stanza copied from Spenser's April.

I sawe Phœbus thrust out his golden hede
Upon her to gaze:
But when he saw how broade her beames did sprede,
It did him amaze.
Hee blush't to see another sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fierie face outshowe.' &c. *Warton.*

As his inferior flame
The new enlighten'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear [bear.
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air such pleasure loath to lose, [close.
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly

X.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round

89 *Pan*] Spenser's July. 'The flockes of *mightie Pan.*' *Warton.*

Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heav'n and earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefac'd night ar-
The helmed Cherubim, [ray'd;
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire, [Heir.
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep, [keep.
And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel

116 *unexpressive*] This word was, perhaps, coined by Shakespeare. As you like it, act iii. sc. 2,

'The fair, the chaste, and *unexpressive* she!' *Warton.*

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have pow'r to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of heav'n's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

125 *crystal*] 'Heaven's hard crystal.' Marlowe's Hero and Leander, p. 90.

126 *silver*] Machin's Dumbe Knight, 1608.

'It was as *silver* as the *chime* of *spheres*.' *Todd.*

134 *gold*] 'See listening Time run back to fetch the age of gold.' Benlowes's Theophila, st. xcv. p. 248.

140 *leave*] Virg. Æn. viii. 245.

'——— regna recludat
Pallida, dîs invisa; superque immane barathrum
Cernatur, trepidentque immisso lumine Manes.'

Warton.

XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering:
And heav'n, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify;
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, [the deep;
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang, [brake:
While the red fire, and smouldering clouds out
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,

143 *Orb'd*] In ed. 1645.
'Th' enamell'd arras of the rainbow wearing;
And Mercy set between,' &c.

Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When at the world's last session, [throne.
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
The old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,

172 *Swinges*] See Cowley's Davideis, p. 313
'Pectora tum longæ percellit verbere caudæ.'

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flow'r-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Pow'r foregoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd God of Palestine;

183 *weeping*] Matthew, ii. 18. "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping.' *Warton.*

185 *poplar pale*] Hall's Satires, ed. Sing. p. 93. 'The palish poplar;' and 169, 'and palish twigs of deadly poplar tree.' Virg. Ecl. ix. 39. 'Candida populus.'

191 *Lars*] 'Lemures, et Larvas, et Empusas.' Miltoni Prolus. p. 80.

197 *Peor*] See B. Martini Var. Lectiones, p. 131, 132.

And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heav'n's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshow'r'd grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

200 *mooned*] Milton added this word to our language. *Todd.*

215 *Trampling*] Benlowes's Theophila, p. 237.
'Of wide horned oxen trampling grass with lowings loud.'

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our babe, to show his Godhead true, [crew.
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to th' infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted Fayes [maze.
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd

231 *chin*] T. Warton has not remarked the use of this word in old poetry; when it brought with it no associations of familiarity or burlesque. Chapman's Hom. Il. p. 113, 'Both goddesses let fall their *chins*.' Odyss. p. 303. 310, 'Jove shook his sable *chin*.' The Ballad of Gil Morrice, 158, 'And kiss'd baith mouth and *chin*,' 169, 'And syne she kiss'd his bluidy cheeke, and syne his bluidy *chin*.' And Percy's Reliques, iii. 57, 'Our Lady bore up her *chinne*.'

232 *shadows*] M. Bowle refers to Mids. Night Dream, act iii. sc. ult.

'And yonder shines,' &c.

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest, [ing;
Time is our tedious song should here have end-
Heav'n's youngest teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attend-
And all about the courtly stable [ing;
Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable.

THE PASSION.

I.

EREWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
My Muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

214 *harness'd*] Exodus, xiii. 18. 'The children of Israel went up *harnessed* out of the land of Egypt.' *Newton.*

4 *divide*] Spens. F. Queen. iii. i. 40.

'And all the while sweet music did *divide*
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony.'

Hor. Od. i. xv. 15.

'Imbelli cithara carmina *divides*.' *Warton.*

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo:
Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

III.

He sovereign priest stooping his regal head,
That dropp'd with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-roof'd beneath the skies:
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;
His god-like acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings other where are found;
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound;
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

[26] *Cremona's trump*] Vida's Christiad.

V.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief,
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heaven and Earth are colour'd with my woe;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white.

VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood;
My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,
To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood,
Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood:
There doth my soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;

30 *Over*] So P. L. iv. 609.
'And o'er the dark her *silver mantle throw*.' *Steevens.*

For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)
Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.

ON TIME.*

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,

51 *a weeping*] Jeremiah, ix. 10. 'For the mountains will I take up a weeping,' &c. *Warton.*

* In Milton's MS. written with his own hand,—'On Time. To be set on a clock-case.' *Warton.*

leaden-stepping hours] Carew's Poems, p. 78, ed. 1642. 'They [the hours] move with leaden feet. *A. Dyce.*

And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming Pow'rs, and winged Warriors bright,
That erst with music, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along

[12] *individual*] Inseparable. P. L. iv. 485. v. 610. *Warton.*

[1] *flaming*] So P. Lost, ix. 156. xi. 101. *Warton.*

Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He who with all heav'n's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
  Sore doth begin
    His infancy to seize!
O more exceeding love, or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;
And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,
This day, but O ere long,
Huge pangs and strong
    Will pierce more near his heart.

[17] *remediless*] P. Lost, ix. 919. Sams. Agon. v. 648. 'all remediless.' *Warton, Todd.*

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.*

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce;
And to our high-rais'd phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin

* There are three copies of this ode, all in Milton's own hand writing.

6 *concent*] So the Cant. MS. not 'consent.' Ed. 1645, 'content;' 1673, 'concent.' *Warton.*

12 'And Cherubim, sweet winged *Squires*.' So Cant. MS. *Todd.*

Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

This rich marble doth inter
The honour'd wife of Winchester,
A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death.
Yet had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and Fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.

[20] *nature's chime*] Jonson's Epithal. vol. vii. 2.
'To do their offices in *nature's chime*.' *Warton.*

Her high birth, and her graces sweet
Quickly found a lover meet;
The virgin quire for her request
The God that sits at marriage feast;
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce well-lighted flame;
And in his garland as he stood,
Ye might discern a cyprus bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes;
But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for Lucina came;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip,
Sav'd with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,

19 *He*] See Ov. Metam. x. 4.

'Adfuit ille quidem: sed nec solennia verba,
Nec lætos vultus, nec felix attulit omen:
Fax quoque, quam tenuit, lacrymoso stridula fumo,
Usque fuit, nullosque invenit motibus ignes.' *Jortin.*

33 *womb*] Browne's Brit. Past. b. ii. s. 1. ed. 1616.

'Where never plowshare ript his *mother's wombe*
To give an aged seede a *living tombe*.' *Todd.*

Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flow'r
New shot up from vernal show'r;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travail sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That to give the world increase,
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease.
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in glory,
Next her, much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian shepherdess,
Who after years of barrenness,

[47] *Lady*] Cymbeline, act iv. sc. 2.
'Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave!' *Warton.*

The highly favour'd Joseph bore
To him that serv'd for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light:
There with thee, new welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

SONG. ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;

[1] *star*] 'Of the bright morning star.' Hen. More's Poems, p. 322.

[1] *harbinger*] Shakesp. Mids. N. Dream, act iii. sc. ult.
'And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger.' *Warton.*

[2] *dancing*] Spenser's F. Q. i. v. 2.
'At last the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open faire;
And Phœbus fresh as bridgroome to his mate,
Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy hair.'
Warton.

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET W. SHAKESPEARE.*

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book

10 *welcome*] Chaucer's Knight's Tale, ver. 1511.
'O Maye! with all thy floures and thy grene,
Right *welcome be thou*, fair freshe May.' *Todd.*

* These lines were prefixed to the folio ed. of Shakespeare's Plays in 1632, but without Milton's name or initials. It is, therefore, the *first* of his pieces that was published. *Warton.*

11 *unvalued*] Invaluable. Rich. III. act i. sc. 4.
'Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,' *Todd.*

Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepúlchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

Who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the Plague.

HERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full,

[15] *sepúlcher'd*] So accented in Shakesp. Rape of Lucrece. 'May likewise be sepúlcher'd in thy shade.' *Malone.*

[1] *Hobson*] Seven Champions of Christendom, p. 50. 'Is *Hobson* there, or Dawson, or Tom Long?' Ellis's Lett. on Engl. History, 1st Ser. iii. 207. 'Our *Hobson* and the rest should have been forbidden.' Taylor's (W. Poet.) Works, fol. part ii. p. 188. 'Oh! quoth hee, I could have gone thither with my neighbour *Hobson* on foot, like a foole as I was, and I might have rid backe upon my neighbour *Jobson's* mare, like an asse as I am.'

Dodg'd with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And surely death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

Here lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
Made of sphere-metal never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceas'd, he ended straight.
Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm

Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers.
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He died for heaviness, that his cart went light:
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath (there be that say't)
As he were press'd to death, he cried more weight;
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this superscription.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

What slender youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
T' whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me, in my vow'd
Picture, the sacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of sea.

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH.

BRUTUS *thus addresses* DIANA *in the country of* LEOGECIA.

GODDESS of shades, and huntress, who at will
Walk'st on the rowling spheres, and thro' the deep;
On thy third reign the earth look now, and tell
What land, what seat of rest, thou bidd'st me seek,
What certain seat, where I may worship thee
For aye, with temples vow'd, and virgin quires.

[2] *rowling spheres*] Tickell and Fenton read 'lowring spheres.'

To whom, sleeping before the altar, DIANA *answers in a vision the same night.*

BRUTUS, far to the west, in th' ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old,
Now void, it fits thy people: thither bend
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat;
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

DANTE.

AH Constantine, of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
That the first wealthy pope receiv'd of thee.

DANTE.

FOUNDED in chaste and humble poverty,
Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy horn,
Impudent whore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth?
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

ARIOSTO.

THEN past he to a flow'ry mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously:

This was the gift, if you the truth will have,
That Constantine to good Sylvester gave.

HORACE.

Whom do we count a good man? Whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,
Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

HORACE.

The power that did create can change the scene
Of things, make mean of great, and great of mean:
The brightest glory can eclipse with might,
And place the most obscure in dazzling light.

HORACE.

All barbarous people and their princes too,
All purple tyrants honour you,
  The very wandering Scythians do.
Support the pillar of the Roman state,
Lest all men be involv'd in one man's fate,
  Continue us in wealth and state,
  Let wars and tumults ever cease.

CATULLUS.

THE worst of poets I myself declare,
By how much you the best of poets are.

OVID.

ABSTAIN, as manhood you esteem,
From Salmacis' pernicious stream;
If but one moment there you stay,
Too dear you'll for your bathing pay.—
Depart nor man, nor woman, but a sight
Disgracing both, a loath'd Hermaphrodite.

EURIPIDES.

THIS is true liberty, when freeborn men
Having t'advise the public may speak free;
Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise:
Who neither can nor will, may hold his peace,
What can be a juster in a state than this?

VIRGIL.

No eastern nation ever did adore
The majesty of sovereign princes more.

VIRGIL.

AND Britons interwove held the purple hangings.

HORACE.

——— Laughing, to teach the truth,
What hinders? As some teachers give to boys
Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace.

HORACE.

——— Joking decides great things.
Stronger and better oft than earnest can.

SOPHOCLES.

'Tis you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

SENECA.

——— There can be slain
No sacrifice to God more acceptable,
Than an unjust and wicked king.

TERENCE.

In silence now and with attention wait,
That ye may know what th' Eunuch has to prate.

HOMER.

Glaucus, in Lycia we're ador'd as gods,
What makes 'twixt us and others so great odds?

EPIGRAM ON SALMASIUS'S HUNDREDA.

Who taught Salmasius, that French chattering
To aim at English, and Hundreda cry? [pye
The starving rascal, flush'd with just a *hundred*
English Jacobusses, Hundreda blunder'd:
An outlaw'd king's last stock. A hundred more
Would make him pimp for th' antichristian whore;
And in Rome's praise employ his poison'd breath,
Who threaten'd once to stink the pope to death.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.*

Because you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy

* The note of Warton on this sonnet appears to me to be extremely unjust and severe. Milton denoted his indignation against the Presbyterians because they had deserted their own principles, continued many of the supposed abuses, and usurped much of the power of the church which they had overthrown: in fact, the *new Presbyter* was more tyrannical than the *old priest*.

Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be nam'd and printed Heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament
May with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears,
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

[8] *A. S.*] A polemical writer of the times, named 'Adam Steuart.' See the notes of Warton and Todd. Rotherford was one of the Chief Commissioners of the Church of Scotland; also sat with the Assembly at Westminster. He was Professor of Divinity in the University of St. Andrew's; wrote many Calvinistic tracts; and was an avowed enemy of the Independents. T. Edwards had attacked Milton's Plan of Independency in his Antapologia, 1644. On Rotherford. See Heber's Life of I. Taylor, ii. 203.

[17] *Clip*] In the MS. the lines stand thus:

Crop ye as close as marginal P ——'s ears;—that is, Prynne's. *Warton.*

[17] *bauk*] i. e. spare. *Warton.*

SONNETS.

I. TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora

[5] *close*] Crashawe's Poems, The Weeper, st. xxiii. "Does day *close* his *eyes*?" *Todd.*

De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Cosi Amor meco insù la lingua snella
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
Seppi ch'Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

[1] *imbrunir*] Petrarch Canz. xxxvii. 'Imbrunir veggio la sera.' *Bowle.*

CANZONE.

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi
M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiando d' amor, e come t'osi ?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi ;
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t'aspettan, ed altre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma ?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, é il mio cuore
Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,

[5] *vermiglia*] Tasso Aminta, act i. sc. 2, 'A le guancie vermiglie, come rosa ;' and Comus, 752, 'vermeil-tinctured lip.' *Warton.*

Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia
Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir ; io non so che si sia :
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela ;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

Giovane piano, e simplicette amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,

[6] *Portamenti*] Petrarch. Son. 229.
'Ohime, il portamento leggiadro altiero.' *Warton.*
[8] *percuoton*] See Warton's note, and Par. Lost, iv. 244.

Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Farò divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol use
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

VII. ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven·
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task-master's eye.

VIII. WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may
If deed of honour did thee ever please, [seize,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bow'r:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tow'r
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the pow'r
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX. TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,

[1] *Knight*] K. Richard II. act i. sc. 3, 'ask yonder *knight in arms*.' *Warton.*

[5] *requite*] Beaumont's Psyche, xvii. 108, 'Who will requite thy lays.' Dante Il Inferno, c. xxxi. ver. 127. 'Ancor ti può nel mondo render fama.'

[11] *temple*] P. Reg. iii. 268.

'Forest, and field, and flood, *temples, and towers*.'
Warton.

And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sur
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friend
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure

X. TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Council, and her Treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till sad the breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,

[5] *with*] In ed. 1645, 'and the Ruth.' *Todd.*

[8] *pity*] Spenser's F. Q. i. vi. 12, 'And won with *pity*, and unwonted *ruth*.' *Todd.* Marlowe and Nash's Dido, p. 40, ed. 1825, 'ruth and compassion,' and G. Peele's Works, by Dyce, vol. i. p. 112, 178, ed. 1829.

[11] *hope*] Ἐλπὶς οὐ καταισχύνει. Rom. v. 5. *Hurd.*

[1] *Earl*] Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer, and Lord President of the Council to King James I. Parliament was dissolved the 10th of March, 1628-9; he died on the 14th. *Newton.*

Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

XI. ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.*

A BOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
And woven close, both matter, form, and style;
The subject new: it walk'd the town a while,
Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on
A title-page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,

* This is the sonnet which Dr. Johnson selected in his Dictionary, as a specimen of this species of Verse in English. *Todd.*

9 *Colkitto*] Colkitto and Macdonnel are one and the same person, an officer on the royal side, an Irishman of the Antrim family, who served under Montrose. The Macdonalds of that family are styled, by way of distinction, Mac Collcittok, i. e. descendants of lame Colin. Galasp is George Gillespie, a Scottish writer against the Independents. *Warton.*

That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Edward Greek.

XII. ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs:
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
License they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good:
But from that mark how far they rove we see
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII. TO MR. H. LAWES ON THE PUBLISHING HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well measur'd song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan

With Midas' ears, committing short and long;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue.
Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,
That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

XIV. ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE THOMSON,

MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED 16TH DEC. 1646.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,

[8] *exempts*] Hor. Od. i. i. 32, 'Secernunt populo.' *Richardson.*

[1] *writ*] Hor. Od. i. vi. 1, '*Scriberis* Vario fortis,' &c. *Newton.*

[9] *honour'st*] So Browne's Brit. Past. B. ii. s. 11, of Lord Brooke,

'——— Time shall see
Thee *honor'd* by thy verse, and *it by thee.*' *Todd.*

Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV. TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.*

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings.
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise

[6] *Stay'd*] Orig. Line in MS.
'Straight follow'd thee the path that saints have trod.'
Warton.

[14] *drink*] Epitaph. Damonis. 206. 'Æthereos haurit lactices.' *Warton.*

* This Sonnet, as appears from Milton's MS. was addressed to Fairfax at the siege of Colchester, 1648. It was first printed, together with the two following sonnets, and the two to Cyriack Skinner, at the end of Phillips's Life of Milton, 1694. *Warton.*

[2] *Filling*] So the MS: before, it was 'And fills each mouth.' *Todd.*

[5] *virtue*] So the MS: before, 'valour.' In the next line 'though' is admitted from the MS. instead of 'while.' *Todd.*

Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war, but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,
While avarice and rapine share the land.

XVI. TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.*

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud

[8] *their*] So the MS.: before 'her.' *Todd.*

[10] This and the following lines were thus in the printed copies:

For what can war, but *acts of war* still breed,
Till *injured truth* from violence be freed,
And public faith be *rescued from the brand*. *Newton.*

* See Hollis's Memoirs, p. 511.

[1] *who*, &c.] In the printed copy thus:

——— *that* through a *crowd*
Not of war only, but *distractions* rude.

But a 'cloud of war' is a classical expression. Virg. Æn. x. 809. 'Nubem belli.' *Newton.*

[5] This and the following line were contracted in the printed copies of Phillips, Toland, Tonson, Tickell, and Fenton, into

'And fought God's battles, and his works pursued.'
Warton.

Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war: new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XVII. TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.*

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,

[7] *Darwen*] In the printed copies 'Darwent.' *Newton.*

[9] *And Worcester's laureat wreath.*] This expression, though beautiful, is inaccurate; for a 'laureat wreath' cannot, with propriety, be said to 'resound his praises loud;' but the inaccuracy arose from the alteration. The hemistich originally stood, 'And twenty battles more,' which was flat enough.

[10] *peace*, &c.] In the printed copies, before Newton's edition, 'peace *has* her victories, no less *than those* of war;' and afterwards, '*in* secular chains.' *Todd.* Compare Milton's Second Defence, vol. ii. p. 442; and Cas. Barb. Carm. p. 323, ed. Barbou.

* This Sonnet seems to have been written in behalf of the Independants against the Presbyterian hierarchy. Vane was beheaded in 1662. *Warton.*

[1] *counsel*] The printed copies, '*councils*.' *Newton.*

Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
Then to advise how war may best upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold
In all her equipage: besides to know
Both spiritual pow'r and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have done:
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII. ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONT.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold

7 *Then*, &c.] In the printed copies,
'Then to advise how war may *be* best upheld
Mann'd by her two main nerves,' &c. *Newton.*
11 *severs*] 'Serves.' Printed edition. *Newton.*
13 *Therefore*, &c.] In the printed copies:
'Therefore on thy *right* hand Religion leans,
And reckons thee *in chief* her eldest son.' *Newton.*
2 *Alpine*] Fairfax's Tasso, B. xiii. s. 60.
'Distill'd from tops of *Alpine mountains cold*.' *Warton.*

Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their matyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX. ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more
To serve therewith my Maker, and present [bent
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied,"
I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed, [state
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

[10] *man's work, or his own gifts*] Free will, or grace. *Warburton.*

[13] *post*] P. L. iv. 171,

'With a vengeance sent,
From Media *post* to Egypt.' *Warton.*

XX. TO MR. LAWRENCE.*

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI. TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

Cyriac, whose grandsire on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounc'd and in his volumes taught our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench;
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,

* Lawrence published a work called 'Of our Communion and Warre with Angels,' &c. 1646. 4to. *Todd.* See British Bibliographer, vol. i. p. 352.

7 *Euclid*] See Censura Literaria, vi. p. 144.

And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXII. TO THE SAME.

Cyriac, this three years day these eyes, tho' clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, Friend, t' have lost them over-plied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,

[8] *And what the Swede intends*] So the MS. The first ed. 'And what the Swede *intend*,' which in others is altered to, 'And what the *Swedes* intend.' *Newton.*

[11] *mild Heaven*] So Son. xix. 'bear his mild yoke.' Par. Reg. ii. 125, 'these mild seats.' Sil. Italicus, iv. 795, '*Mite* et cognatum est homini *deus*.' And Hen. More's Poems, p. 196.

[3] *Bereft*, &c.] In the printed copies,

'Bereft of *sight* their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth *day* appear
Or sun or moon. *Newton.*

[7] *a*] In the printed copies, '*one*.' *Newton.*

Of which all Europe rings from side to side,
This thought might lead me through the world's
vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII. ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, tho' pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed
Purification in the old Law did save, [taint
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
Came, vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my
night.*

[12] *rings*] So the printed copies before Newton's edition, in which 'talks' is substituted from the MS. instead of 'rings.' The Sonnet thus concluded before Newton's ed.
'*Whereof* all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through *this* world's vain mask,
Content though blind, had I no *other* guide.' *Todd.*

* The original various readings to the sonnets from the Cambridge MS. may be seen in Mr. Todd's edition of Milton's Poet. Works, (1809,) vol. vi. p. 500—3.

PSALMS.

PSALM I. Done into verse, 1653.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II. Done Aug. 8, 1653. Terzetti.

Why do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand
With pow'r, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?

Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords: He who in heav'n doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy' hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath said
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy possession I on thee bestow
Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
And now be wise at length ye Kings averse,
Be taught, ye Judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear
In anger, and ye perish in the way,
If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
Happy all those who have in them their stay.

[18] *Heathen*] Warton in both editions reads 'The Heaven.' *Todd.*

PSALM III. Aug. 9, 1653.

WHEN HE FLED FROM ABSALOM.

Lord, how many are my foes!
How many those
That in arms against me rise!
Many are they
That of my life distrustfully thus say,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
Thee through my story
Th' exalter of my head I count;
Aloud I cried
Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
For my sustain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though encamping round about
They pitch against me their pavilions.
Rise, Lord, save me my God, for thou
Hast smote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhorr'd [Lord;
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

[14] *my sustain*] The verb converted into a substantive. So 'disturb,' in P. L. vi. 549. *Todd.*

PSALM IV. Aug. 10, 1653.

Answer me when I call,
God of my righteousness,
In straits and in distress
Thou didst me disenthrall
And set at large; now spare,
  Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.
Great ones, how long will ye
My glory have in scorn,
How long be thus forborne
Still to love vanity,
To love, to seek, to prize
  Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chose,
Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart;
(For whom to choose he knows)
Jehovah from on high
  Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be aw'd, and do not sin,
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
  Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say
Who yet will show us good?
Talking like this world's brood;

But, Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light,
  Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put,
Than when a year of glut
Their stores doth overcloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
  With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep,
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where'er I lie;
As in a rocky cell
  Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSALM V. Aug. 12, 1653.

Jehovah, to my words give ear,
  My meditation weigh,
The voice of my complaining hear
My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
  Jehovah, thou my early voice
  Shalt in the morning hear,
  I' th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my pray'rs, and watch till thou appear.
  For thou art not a God that takes
  In wickedness delight,
  Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.

All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy house; I in thy fear
Will towards thy holy temple worship low.
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me because of those
That do observe if I transgress,
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
For in his falt'ring mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth;
Their inside, troubles miserable; [smooth.
An open grave their throat, their tongue they
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

PSALM VI. Aug. 13, 1653.

Lord, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my bones, that e'en with anguish ache,
Are troubled, yea, my soul is troubled sore,
And thou, O Lord, how long? Turn, Lord, restore
My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I' th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prayer,
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
With much confusion; then grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

[21] *blank*] Comus, 452.

that *dash'd* brute violence
With sudden adoration and *blank* awe. *Warton*

PSALM VII. Aug. 14, 1653.

UPON THE WORDS OF CHUSH THE BENJAMITE AGAINST HIM.

Lord, my God, to thee I fly,
Save me, and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my soul asunder,
Tearing, and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd less,
And not freed my foe for nought;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and there outspread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire,
And wake for me, their fury' assuage;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies,
In him who both just and wise
Saves th' upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold

He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the most high.

PSALM VIII. Aug. 14, 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
So as above the Heavens thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence t' oppose.

[7] *stint th' enemy*] A violent cæsure in the last syllable of 'enemy.' See above, Ps. v. 16. Ps. vii. 22. *Warton.* But perhaps it should be pronounced en'my.

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy fingers' art,
The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is man that thou remember'st yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forest meet,

Fowl of the Heavens, and fish that through the wet
Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

APRIL, 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the text, translated from the original.

PSALM LXXX.

1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*
Give ear *in time of need*,
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed,

That sitt'st between the Cherubs *bright*,
Between their wings out-spread,
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*,
And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasse's sight,
Awake thy strength, come, and *be seen*
To save us *by thy might.*

3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, *vouchsafe;*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy smoking wrath, *and angry brow*
Against thy people's prayer!

5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'st them largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe,
Among themselves they laugh, they play,
And flouts at us they throw.

7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,
O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe*,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

8 A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,

And drov'st out nations, *proud and haut*,
To plant this *lovely* vine.
9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast,
That it *began to grow apace*,
And fill'd the land *at last*.
10 With her *green* shade that cover'd *all*,
The hills were *over-spread*,
Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.
11 Her branches *on the western side*
Down to the sea she sent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went*.
12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.
14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heav'n, thy seat divine,
Behold *us, but without a frown*,
And visit this *thy* vine.

35 *haut*] 'Proude and haute.' Skelton's Magnyfycence, p. xi. xxvi. 'Ill and haut.' Barclay's Ship of Fooles, p. 214. 240. 'Strife hatching *haut* ambition.' Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 135.

15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.
16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*,
Upon the son of man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.
18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame,
Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy Name.
19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe*,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 To God our strength sing loud, *and clear*,
Sing loud to God *our King*,
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*,
Loud acclamations ring.
2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring,

The *cheerful* psaltry bring along,
And harp *with* pleasant *string*.
3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon
With trumpets' *lofty sound*,
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast *comes round*.
4 This was a statute *giv'n of old*
For Israel *to observe*,
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold*,
From whence they might not swerve.
5 This he a testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, *not to change*,
When as he pass'd through Egypt land;
The tongue I heard was strange.
6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*
I set his shoulder free;
His hands from pots, *and miry soil*,
Deliver'd were *by me*.
7 When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail*,
And led thee out of thrall.
I answer'd thee in thunder deep
With clouds encompass'd round;
I tried thee at the water steep
Of Meribah *renown'd*.
8 Hear, O my People, *hearken well*,
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me,

9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
In honour bend thy knee.
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;
Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear*,
Mislik'd me for his choice.
12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wand'ring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd still,
Their own devices blind.
13 O that my people would *be wise*,
To serve me *all their days*,
And O that Israel would *advise*
To walk my *righteous* ways.
14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,
But *they*, *his people*, *should remain*,
Their time should have no end.
16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
With flow'r of finest wheat,

And satisfy them from the rock
With honey *for their meat.*

PSALM LXXXII.

1 God in the great assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states,
Among the Gods, on both his hands
He judges and debates.
2 How long will ye pervert the right
With judgment false and wrong,
Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and strong?
3 Regard the weak and fatherless,
Dispatch the poor man's cause,
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.
4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him *that help demands.*
5 They know not, nor will understand,
In darkness they walk on,
The earth's foundations all are mov'd,
And out of order gone.
6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
The sons of God most high;
7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die.*

8 Rise, God, judge thou the earth *in might*,
This *wicked* earth redress,
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 Be not thou silent *now at length*,
O God, hold not thy peace,
Sit thou not still, O God of *strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.
2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* swell,
And storm outrageously,
And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full high.
3 Against thy people they contrive
Their plots and counsels deep,
Them to insnare they chiefly strive,
Whom thou dost hide and keep.
4 Come, let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be,
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.
5 For they consult with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *scornful* Ishmael,

Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell,
7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
And *hateful* Amalec,
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
8 With them *great* Ashur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot:
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That wasted all the coast,
To Sisera, and as *is told*
Thou didst to Jabin's *host,*
When at the brook of Kishon *old*
They were repuls'd and slain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain.
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed,
As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled,*
So let their princes *bleed.*
12 *For they amidst their pride* have said,
By right now shall we seize
God's houses, and *will now invade*
Their stately palaces.
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find,
Giddy and *restless* let *them reel*
Like stubble from the wind.

14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher
Till all the mountains blaze,
15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase;
16 And till they yield thee honour due;
Lord, fill with shame their face.
17 Asham'd, and troubled let them be,
Troubled and sham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, *and scape it never.*
18 Then shall they know that thou whose name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the most high, *and thou the same*
O'er all the earth *art one.*

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The *pleasant* tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!
2 My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts, O Lord, to see;
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.
3 There ev'n the sparrow *freed from wrong*
Hath found a house of *rest,*

The swallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her *brooding* nest,
Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the coasts
Toward thee, my King, my God.
4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise,
5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.
6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry dale
Where springs and show'rs abound.
7 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.
8 Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my prayer,
O Jacob's God, give ear,
9 Thou God our shield, look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear.*
10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
Is better, *and more blest,*
Than *in the joys of vanity*
A thousand days *at best.*
I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*
With sin *for evermore.*

11 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory *bright*,
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.
12 Lord *God* of Hosts *that reign'st on high*,
That man is *truly* blest,
Who *only* on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

1 Thy land to favour graciously
Thou hast not, Lord, been slack;
Thou hast from *hard* captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their sin, *that did thee grieve*,
Hast hid *where none shall know*.
3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
And *calmly* didst return
From thy fierce wrath which we had prov'd
Far worse than fire to burn.
4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore,
Thine indignation cause to cease
Toward us, *and chide no more*.
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus,

Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
6 Wilt thou not turn, and *hear our voice*,
And us again revive,
That so thy people may rejoice
By thee preserv'd alive?
7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
To us thy mercy show,
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak,
I will *go straight and* hear,
For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints *full dear*,
To his dear saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.
9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land.
10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*
Now *joyfully* are met,
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.
11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flow'r*,
Shall bud and blossom *then*,
And Justice from her heav'nly bow'r
Look down *on mortal men.*

12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good,
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*
13 Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger,
Then will he come, and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 Thy *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me *I thee pray,*
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, *and sad decay.*
2 Preserve my soul, for I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just,
Save thou thy servant, O my God,
Who *still* in thee doth trust.
3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4. O make rejoice
Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee
I lift my soul *and voice.*
5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry

Of my *incessant* pray'rs afford
Thy hearing graciously.
7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid ;*
For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*,
And answer *what I pray'd.*
8 Like thee among the Gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other Gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
9 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done,
Thou *in thy everlasting seat*
Remainest God alone.
11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.

[19] *incessant*] P. Lost, xi. 307.

And if by *prayer*
Incessant I could hope to change the will, &c. *Todd.*

13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou hast freed my soul,
Ev'n from the lowest hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.
14 O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.
15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
Readiest thy grace to show,
Slow to be angry, and *art styl'd*
Most merciful, most true.
16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy handmaid's son.
17 Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* see,
And be asham'd, because thou, Lord,
Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 Among the holy mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast,
There seated is his sanctuary,
His temple there is plac'd.
2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*

Of Jacob's *land, though there be store,*
And all within his care.
3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are spoke;
4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke.
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia *full of scorn,*
And Tyre with Ethiop's *utmost ends,*
Lo this man there was born:
5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear,*
Be said of Sion *last,*
This and this man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast.
6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
That ne'er shall be out-worn,
When he the nations doth inroll,
That this man there was born.
7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
With sacred songs are there,
In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains *clear.*

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 Lord God, that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long before thee *weep,*
Before thee *prostrate lie.*

2 Into thy presence let my pray'r
With sighs devout ascend,
And to my cries, that *ceaseless are*,
Thine ear with favour bend.
3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
Surcharg'd my soul doth lie,
My life *at death's uncheerful door*
Unto the grave draws nigh.
4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal* pit,
I am a man, but weak alas,
And for that name unfit.
5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead to *sleep*,
And like the slain *in bloody fight*
That in the grave lie *deep*.
Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.
6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
Hast set me *all forlorn*,
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
Full sore doth press on me;
Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
And all thy waves break me.
8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious,

Me to them odious, *for they change*.
And I here pent up thus.
9 Through sorrow and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
My hands to thee I spread.
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?
Shall the deceas'd arise,
And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
On whom the grave *hath hold?*
Or they who in perdition *dwell*,
Thy faithfulness *unfold?*
12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known?
Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion?
13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent,
And *up to thee* my pray'r *doth hie*,
Each morn, and thee prevent.
14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me,
15 That am already bruis'd, and shake
With terror sent from thee?
Bruis'd and afflicted, and *so low*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Astonish'd with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threat'nings cut me through:
17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,
And sever'd from me far:
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.*

When the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the mountains?
Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?

* This and the following Psalm are Milton's earliest performances. *Warton.*

9 *recoil*] The rhymes probably from Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 337.

'Ay Satan aims our constant faith to *foil*,
But God doth seal it, never to *recoil*.' *Dunster.*

Shake, Earth, and at the presence be aghast
Of him that ever was, and aye shall last,
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM CXXXVI.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
  For his mercies aye endure,
  Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of Gods he is the God:
  For his, &c.
O let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell:
  For his, &c.
Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed heaven and earth to shake:
  For his, &c.
Who by his wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state:
  For his, &c.
Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain:

17 *crush*] The rhymes from Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 30.
'And so one humour doth another *crush*,
Till to the ground their liquid pearls do *gush*.' *Dunster*.
22 *watery plain*] P. L. i. 396.
'Rabba, and her *watery* plain!' *Todd*.

For his, &c.
Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light:
For his, &c.
And caus'd the golden-tressed sun
All the day long his course to run:
For his, &c.
The horned moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright:
For his, &c.
He with his thunder-clasping hand
Smote the first-born of Egypt land:
For his, &c.
And in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel:
For his, &c.
The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the Erythræan main:
For his, &c.

[29] *golden-tressed*] Buchanan's trans. of this psalm.
'Qui *solem auricomum* jussit dare jura diei.' *Todd.*
'The golden-tressed sun.' Benlowes's Theophila, p. 42.

[31] *spangled*] See notes on P. L. vii. 384, 581.

[36] *thunder*] 'Whose thunder-clasping hand.' Benlowes's Theophila, p. 88.

[41] *fell*] Mr. Dunster refers to Sylvester's Du Bartas, for these rhymes, pp. 357, 377, 438, 478. At p. 361 'Pharaoh' is called '*fell.*'

[45] *cleft*] Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 48.
'His dreadful voice to save his antient sheep,
Did *cleave* the bottom of *th' Erythréan* deep.'
And p. 967. 'The Erythrean *ruddy* billows roar.' *Dunster.*

The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass:
For his, &c.
But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power:
For his, &c.
His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his, &c.
In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown:
For his, &c.
He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorrean coast:
For his, &c,
And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew:
For his, &c.
And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell:
For his, &c.

49 *walls*] Benlowes's Theophila, p. 229.

'Think how waves like walls of glass,
Stood fix'd while Hebrew troops did pass.'

54 *tawny*] Fairfax's Tasso, ed. 1600, p. 47.

'All hot Affrick's tawny kings.' *Todd.*

66 *Amorrean*] Buchanan's trans. of this psalm.

'Stravit Amorrhæum valida virtute Seonem.' *Todd.*

69 *Og*] 'And huge-limb'd Og, who Bashan's crown enjoy'd.' Sir P. Sidney's Psalms, p. 260.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery:
For his, &c.
And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy:
For his, &c.
All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need·
For his, &c.
Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth:
For his, &c.
That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye:
For his mercies aye indure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

89 *warble forth*] In the first page of Sylvester's Du Bartas, 'Grant I sweetly warble forth.' *Dunster.*

JOANNIS MILTONI LONDINENSIS POEMATA.

Quorum pleraque intra annum ætatis vigesimum conscripsit.

Hæc quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati, congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic.
Non *Anglus*, verum hercle *Angelus* ipse fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeseos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.

Cede Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

Græcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

ODE.

Ergimi all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,

Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia resiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede:
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d'Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Cosi l'Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L'ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtu l' idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra

Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
Troppo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaromente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s' opre degne di Poema e storia
Furon gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del sig. Antonio Francini,

Gentilhuomo Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI LONDINENSI.

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio,
Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt:

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cœlestium sphærarum sonitus astronomia duce audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ, per quos Dei magnitudo describitur, magistra philosophia legenti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti:
At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus, Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM LIBER.

ELEG. I. AD CAROLUM DEODATUM.

Tandem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;
Pertulit, occidua Devæ Cestrensis ab ora
Vergivium prono qua petit amne salum.
Multum, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alluit unda,
Meque, nec invitum, patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor:
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles;
Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre Magistri,

[4] *Vergivium*] Drayton's Polyolb. s. i. p. 656, vol. ii. 'these rough *Vergivian* seas.' The Irish sea. *Warton.*

[9] *reflua*] Buchanan's Ps. xcvii. 3. 'Quas vagus oceanus *refluis* complectitur *undis*.' *Todd.* Lucan. Phars. vi. 810. 'Quem Tibridis abluat unda.' Tibull. iii. 5. Lotichii El. i. 1. 'Me tenet hiberno sub sidere Mœnalis Ursæ.' Sannazar. lib. i. El. i.

Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve recuso,
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut posita casside miles adest,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat;
Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo,
Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest;

17 *hoc*] No authority for 'hoc' being short.

24 *Neve*] Tickell and Fenton read 'Victorive foret.' *Todd.*

28 *garrula*] The vowel made short before sc.

32 *barbara*] He probably means the play of 'Ignoramus.' *Warton.*

Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
  Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit;
Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
  Conscia funereo pectora torre movens:
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
  Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
  Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicina consitus ulmo,
  Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic, blandas spirantia sidera flammas
  Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,
  Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
  Atque faces, quotquot volvit uterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
  Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via;

[41] *puer*] 'Puer infelix' is perhaps Shakespeare's 'Romeo.' The 'ferus ultor,' either 'Hamlet,' or 'Richard the Third.' *Warton.*

[41] *torre*] The allusion is to Ate in the old play of 'Locrine.' *Steevens.*

[49] *ulmo*] The gods had their favorite trees. So had the poets. Milton's is the elm. See L'Allegro, 57. Arcades, 89. Comus. 354. Ep. Dam. 15, 49. P. L. v. 216. and Prolus. (Prose Works, ii. 569) 'Testor ipse lucos, et flumina, et *amœnas villarum ulmos*.' *Warton.*

[53] *stupui*] This change from the plural (nos quoque) to the singular, and contrarywise, is authorised by the usage of the Latin poets.

[58] *Quæque*] Consult Warton's note on this passage, the structure of which he illustrates by Virg. Æn. i. 573. Ter. Eun. iv. 3. 11.

Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor;
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem:
Cedite Achæmeniæ turrita fronte puellæ,
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon;
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romulcæque nurus:
Nec Pompeianas Tarpeïa Musa columnas
Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,
Turrigerum late conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno,
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi, conspicuæ formaque auroque, puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,

[69] *Pompeianas*] Propert. ii. 32. 11.
'Scilicet umbrosis sordet Pompeia columnis.' *Warton.*

[78] *Endymioneæ*] Grotii Silv. iii. Ep. 3.
'Endymioneas invadit Cynthia noctes.' *Todd.*

Mœnia quam subito linquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEG. II. Anno Ætatis 17.

in obitum præconis academici cantabrigiensis.

Te, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo;
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem.
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medica revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea:
Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer a Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliaca stabat Cyllenius aula
Alipes, ætherea missus ab arce Patris:

[9] *adire*] The vowel made short before sc.

[8] *delituisse*] Ov. Ep. Her. viii. 68.
'Nec querar in *plumis delituisse Jovem*.' *Warton.*

[10] *Coronides*] Coronides is Æsculapius, the son of Apollo by Coronis. See Ov. Met. xv. 624. *Warton.*

Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni,
Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegeïa tristes,
Personet et totis nænia mœsta scholis.

ELEG. III. Anno Ætatis 17.

in obitum præsulis wintoniensis.

Mœstus eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sede-
Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo, [bam,
Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago,
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo; [turres,
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore
Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.

[17] *regina*] See Eleg. iii. 16.

[21] *Academia*] The penultimate syllable shortened against the best authorities, and so at the conclusion of his Eleg. Liber (see p. 282), 'umbrosa Academia rivos.'

[4] *Libitina*] The plague that now raged in London, and carried off 35,417 persons. Whitelock's Mem. p. 2. *Warton.*

Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
  Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis:
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
  Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces:
At te præcipue luxi, dignissime Præsul,
  Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar:
  "Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
  Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
  Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa;
Nec sinis, ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
  Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi succumbit, liquido quæ plurima cœlo
  Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
  Et quot alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas,

[9] *clarique*] 'Clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi.' See A. Gill's Tillii Epitaphium (p. 91), for an explanation of the persons meant.

'Quem nec *Mansfeltus*, quem nec *Brunonius* heros,
Arma nec annorum quem domuere decem.'

The Count Mansfelt, and the Duke of Brunswick.

[20] *Cypridi*] Cypris pro 'Venus' verbum Latinitatis deterioris. v. Jortin's Tracts, ii. 287. Pervigil. Veneris, p. 234, ed. Sanadon. El. vii. 48, Milton has 'Cypridos.' The word is common among the modern Latin poets.

[21] *contermina*] Ov. Met. viii. 620. 'Tiliæ *contermina quercus*.' *Warton.*

Quid juvat humana tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideamque animam sede fugasse sua?"
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
Phœbus, ab Eoo littore mensus iter:
Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos;
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro:
Heu! nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic punicea radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum:
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.

32 *Roscidus*] Ov. Fast. ii. 314.

'*Hesperus* et fusco *roscidus* ibat equo.' *Warton.*

31 *Tartessiaco*] Ov. Met. xiv. 416. Martial Ep. ix. 46. Buchanan de Sphœr. L. i. p. 126. '*Tartessiacis* cum Taurus mergitur undis.' *Warton.*

50 *domus*] 'Luciferi domus' is the palace of the Sun. See

Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras,
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,
Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
Pura triumphali personat æthra tuba.
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos:
" Nate veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca."
Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ;
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleia pellice somnos:
Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

ELEG. IV. Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.

Curre per immensum subito, mea litera, pontum;
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros:
Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.

Prolusiones, p. 120, and not as T. Warton conjectured, the abode of Satan.

Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,
Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras,
Gratas Eleusina missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hama,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci:
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præsul, Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,
Me faciunt alia parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi, quam tu, doctissime Graium,
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
Quamque Stagyrites generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëius heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo, præeunte, recessus

[5] *Sicanio*] The two first syllables of 'Sicanius,' are used either long or short.

[5] *frænantem*] Ov. Met. xiv. 224,

'Æolon Hippotaden *frænantem carcere ventos*.' *Warton.*

[24] *Cliniadi*] Alcibiades, the son of Clinias, descended from a son of the Telamonian Ajax. *Warton.*

Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi;
Pieriosque hausi latices; Clioque favente,
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo;
Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlori, senilem
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
Quam sit opus monitis, res docet ipsa, vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo.
Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei:
Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas;
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
Hæc quoque, paulum oculos in humum defixa mo-
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui: [destos,
Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.

[33] *viderat*] Some editions 'vidit,' as Tonson's, in 1695, and 1727. *Todd.*

[49] *modestos*] Ov. Am. iii. vi. 67.
'Illa oculos humum dejecta modestos.' *Warton.*

Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus merito, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modo da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœstas delicuere preces:
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor;
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
Te circum late campos populatur Enyo,
Et sata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat;
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos;
Perpetuoque comans jam defloreseit oliva,
Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,
Fugit io terris, et jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,

81 *solus*] Ov. Met. xiv. 217, '*Solus, inops*, exspes,' &c. *Warton.*

Sede peregrina quæris egenus opem
Patria dura parens, et saxis sævior albis
Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus;
Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique,
Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
Æternaque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus:
Talis et horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathia pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iesum
Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,

[100] *Sidoni*] Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, daughter of Ethbaal, king of the Sidonians. *Warton.*

[106] *decolor*] 'Exsanguisque Metus.' Stat. Theb. vii. 49. and Milton ad. Quint. Nov. 148. (Syl. Liber.)

Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritadas oras
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEG. V. Anno Ætatis 20.

in adventum veris.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros, vere tepente, novos;
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo,

[123] *Et*] For many obvious reasons, 'At' is likely to be the true reading. *Warton.*

[6] *mihi*] This change of person from '*Nobis*' in the former line, again occurs.

(Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt;
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.
Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo; [tum,
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia va-
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum;
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novellis,
Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus:
Urbe ego, tu sylva, simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,

[9] *Castalis*] Buchanan, El. 1. 2. p. 31. 'Grataque Phœbæo Castalis unda choro.' *Warton.*

[30] *perennis*] 'Quotannis,' ed. 1645, and so Tickell and Fenton. Salmasius observed the false quantity. See Salm. Respons. p. 5. ed. Lond. *Warton.*

[32] *aurea*] Ov. Art. Am. i. 549, '*aurea lora* dabat.' *Warton.*

Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Bootes
Non longa sequitur fessus ut ante via;
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant sidera rara polo:
Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.
Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certe caruisti nocte puella,
Phœbe, tua, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas;
Et tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos, Aurora, seniles,
Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba:
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos;
Et cupit, et digna est. Quid enim formosius illa,
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis?
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,

[51] *Æolides*] Cephalus. Ov. Met. vi. 681, vii. 672. *Warton.*

[58] *omniferos*] Buchanan Ma. Calend. p. 35, '*Omniferos pandens* copia larga *sinus*.' *Todd.*

Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos,
Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aspice, Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces:
Cinnamea Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer ala,
Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec sine dote tuos tumeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros;
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos:
Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor)
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties, cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno
Hesperiis recipit cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lympha?
Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?
Frigora, Phœbe, mea melius captabis in umbra,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.

[83] *Quid*] Compare Ov. Ep. Heroid. vi. 47, '*Quid* mihi cum Minyis?' &c. *Warton.*

[83] *Tethy*] Casimir constantly gives the wrong quantity to this word.

Mollior egelida veniet tibi somnus in herba;
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Quaque jaces, circum mulcebit lene susurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas:
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientius uteris igni:
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt:
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
Littus, io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ille venit, tunicaque decentior apta,
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens, ad amœni gaudia veris,
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus:
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,
Ut sibi, quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque septena modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua, quæ jungat, carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,

Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanusque sua cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes;
Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris
Sæcla: quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
Tu saltem lente rapidos age, Phœbe, jugales,
Qua potes, et sensim tempora veris eant;
Brumaque productas tarde ferat hispida noctes,
Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.

[122] *Semicaper*] Ov. Fast. iv. 752. Metam. xiv. 515. '*Semicaper* Pan.' *Warton.*

[129] *latet*] See Hor. Od. i. ix. 21, and Virg. Ecl. iii. 64. *Bowle.*

ELEG. VI.

Ad Carolum Deodatum rure commorantem,

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias, quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Qua tu distento forte carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quam te redamemque colamque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quam bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrem,
Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,
Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,
Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euœ
Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro

[5] *carmine*] The vowel made short before sc.

Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.
Quid nisi vina, rosasque, racemiferumque Lyæum,
Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho,
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
Corda; favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum, tam dulcia carmina per te,
Numine composito, tres peperisse Deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Insonat arguta molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremula quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum

19 *mala*] Ov. Ep. Pont. iv. ii. 20.

'Et carmen venâ pauperiore fluit.' *Warton.*

20 *epulæ*] Ov. Ep. Pont. i. x. 31. 'Non *epulis* oneror.' i. iii. 51. 'Non ager his pomum, non dulces porrigit uvas.' *Warton.*

Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
Perque puellares oculos, digitumque sonantem,
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
Et cum purpurea matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero:
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parce, Samii pro more magistri,
Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus:
Qualis veste nitens sacra, et lustralibus undis,
Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
Orpheon, edomitis sola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,

Et per monstrificam Perseiæ Phœbados aulam,
Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divumque sacerdos,
Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.
At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modo saltem
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)
Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris;
Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit;
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis;
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.

ELEG. VII. Anno Ætatis 19.

Nondum, blanda, tuas leges, Amathusia, noram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
Atque tuum sprevi, maxime, numen, Amor.
Tu, puer, imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas,

[73] *Perseiæ*] Circe was the daughter of the sun, and as some say, of Hecate. Ov. Met. vii. 74. Rem. Amor. 263. *Warton.*

[90] *recitem*] Ov. Ep. Pont. iv. ii. 37. 'Hic, mea *cui recitem*,' &c. And Trist. iv. i. 18. *Warton.*

Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci :
Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos,
Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, neque enim Deus ullus ad
Promptior, et duplici jam ferus igne calet. [iras
Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem :
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis ;
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum :
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi ;
Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,
Thiodamantæus Naide raptus Hylas.
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutius, inquit :
Nunc mea quid possit dextera, testis eris.
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi ;

21 *Talis*] The line is from Tibullus, iv. ii. 13.
'*Talis in æterno* felix Vertumnus *Olympo*.' *Warton*.
31 *Naide*] Wrongly printed 'Naiade.'

Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
Certius et gravius tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,
Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques:
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera, quæ dubitas, melius mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
Et modo qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modo villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum,
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias;
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat:
Fallor? An et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis, agor:

[37] *Cydoniusque*] Ov. Met. viii. 22. '*Cydoneasque* pharetras.' Æn. xii. 852. *Warton*. There is no authority for lengthening the first syllable of 'Cydonius.' Virg. Eclog. x. 39; but see Heinsius's note on Ovid. Art. Am. i. 293.

Lumina luminibus male providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam;
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solus et hos nobis texuit ante dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit; multæque sagittæ,
Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus:
Nec mora: nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis:
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
Ast ego progredior tacite querebundus, et excors
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
Findor, et hæc remanet: sequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos:
Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? Amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.

81 *Amphiaraus*] Ov. Ep. Pont. iii. i. 52.
'Notus humo mersis *Amphiaraus equis*.' *Warton.*

O utinam, spectare semel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui!
Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces!
Crede mihi, nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
Parce precor, teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certe est mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate dea, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
Solus et in superis tu mihi summus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme, furores,
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:
Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
Cuspis amaturos figat ut una duos.

Hæc ego, mente olim læva, studioque supino,
Nequitiæ posui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.
Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

5 *Academia*] The Penult short against authority. See note, p. 261.

EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

I. IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,
Fallor? An et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
Et pensare mala cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo curru, flammivolisque rotis:
Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Parcis,
Liquit Iördanios turbine raptus agros.

II. IN EANDEM.

Siccine tentasti cœlo donasse Iäcobum,
Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potius fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos:

[1] *Iacobum*] In this poem, and in the Quint. Novembr. ver. 1, and 203, the two first syllables of Iacobus are made short, and the third long. In Ep. iii. ver. 1, the second syllable is long, and the third short.

Namque hac aut alia nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet iter.

III. IN EANDEM.

Purgatorem animæ derisit Iäcobus ignem,
Et sine quo superum non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trina monstrum Latiale corona,
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.
Et nec inultus, ait, temnes mea sacra, Britanne:
Supplicium spreta relligione dabis.
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non nisi per flammas triste patebit iter.
O quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni,
Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

IV. IN EANDEM.

Quem modo Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
Et styge damnarat, Tænarioque sinu;
Hunc, vice mutata, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

V. IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

Iapetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,
Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

VI. AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

Angelus unicuique suus, sic credite gentes,
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certe mens tertia cœli
Per tua secreto guttura serpit agens;
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono.
Quod si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
In te una loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

VII. AD EANDEM.

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
Ah miser ille tuo quanto felicius ævo
Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!
Et te Pieria sensisset voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila[6] movere lyræ:
Quamvis Dircæo torsisset lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæca vertigine sensus
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tua;

[6] *fila*] Buchanan Eleg. vii. p. 44,
'*Aurea*que Orpheæ *fila* fuisse *lyræ*.' *Todd.*

Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem
Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

VIII. AD EANDEM.

Credula quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados;
Littoreamque tua defunctam Naida ripa,
Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, et amœna Tibridis unda
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

IX. IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM.*

Quis expedivit Salmasio suam *Hundredam*,
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?
Magister artis venter, et Jacobei
Centum exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
Ipse, Antichristi qui modo primatum Papæ
Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium melos.

[12] *sibi*] 'Sibi' is certainly wrong. 'Ille' had preceded, ver. 3.

[3] *Naida*] In all the editions wrongly '*Naiada*.'

[5] *vivitque*] The position of 'que' is wrong. See Burman's Virgil, Æn. vi. 395.

* This epigram against Salmasius is in imitation of part of the Prologue to the Satires of Persius. *Warton.*

X. IN SALMASIUM.

Gaudete scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo
Qui frigida hyeme incolitis algentes freta!
Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius Eques
Bonus, amicire nuditatem cogitat;
Chartæque largus, apparat papyrinos
Vobis cucullos, præferentes Claudii
Insignia, nomenque et decus, Salmasii:
Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium
Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos.

XI.

Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,
Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?

XII. APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

Rusticus ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hinc incredibili fructus dulcedine captus,
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
Mota solo assueto, protinus aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,

[10] *Cubito*] 'Quoties ego vidi patrem tuum *cubito emungentem*.' Sueton. vit. Horat. p. 525. *Warton.*

Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;
Atque ait, Heu quanto satius fuit illa Coloni,
Parva licet, grato dona tulisse animo!
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
Nunc periere mihi et fœtus, et ipse parens.

XIII. AD CHRISTINAM SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE CROMWELLI.

Bellipotens virgo, septem regina trionum[1],
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli[2]!
Cernis, quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,

[1] *regina*] There is a close resemblance between the two first lines of this address, and the opening of Nic Heinsius's Verses to Christina, p. 53.

'Belligeros virgo quæ temperas alma Triones,' &c.

and 'Sidus inocciduum, septem Regina Trionum
Faxque Lycaoniæ clarior igne facis.' p. 139.

and p. 140, 'Regina victrix, germen acre Bellonæ,
Arctoa Pallas!'

[2] *poli*] Resembles a line in his tutor A. Gill's verses, p. 91.

'Inclyta Carolides, qui nunc moderatur Adolphus,
Pene sub *Arctoi* sidere regna *poli*.

[4] *Utque*] Var. Lect. 'sicque.' 'ora fero.' ver. 7, at tibi. *Todd.* Toland first printed these lines in his life of Milton, p. 123, and ascribes them indecisively to *Milton* or *Marvell*; consult Warton's note, ed. Todd, vi. 267. I wish Mr. Warton had, by a few minutes' application of his fine poetical genius, secured these lines against the attempt of other versifiers; but

Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra:
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII, MEDICI.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

PARERE fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu, moræ
Tentantur incassum, dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.

as he has passed them unnoticed, I shall venture to give my translation.

Christina! warrior-maid, who rul'st alone;
Thou star-bright queen of all the Polar zone!
Mark, how the helm has press'd this wrinkled brow,
How these gray hairs their ancient toils avow!
Onward through Fate's untrodden paths I go,
Where'er the people's mandate points the foe.
Yet this stern brow to thee submits its frown,
Not always cruel to the monarch's crown.

Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules,
Nessi venenatus cruore,
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ:
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Si triste fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virgâ.
Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hasta:
Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,
Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine;
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
Cæse puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,

[11] *Nessi*] Hor. Epod. xvii. 31.
'Atro delibutus *Hercules*
Nessi cruore.' *Warton.*

[18] *Telegoni*] Ov. Ep. Pont. iii. i. 123. '*Telegonive parens.*' Absyrtus is called 'Ægialius' by Justin. H. Lib. xlii. c. 3. 'Verba Hecateia' is from Ov. Metam. xiv. 44. '*Hecateia* carmina miscet.' *Warton, Todd.*

[20] *Tuque, O alumno*] The 'O' is wrongly left open in this verse.

[20] *Apolline*] Certainly read 'Apollinis.' *Warton.*

Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis;
Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi
Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria;
Nec puppe lustrâsses Charontis
Horribiles barathri recessus.
At fila rupit Persephone tua,
Irata, cum te viderit artibus,
Succoque pollenti, tot atris
Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
Colende Præses, membra precor tua
Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo
Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina;
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS. Anno Ætatis 17.

Jam pius extrema veniens Iäcobus ab arcto,
Teucrigenas populos, lateque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit; jamque, inviolabile fœdus,

[31] *Cirrha*] The third line of the Alcaic ends with two dissyllables 'Cirrha luget,' which can be defended but by very few examples from Horace. The accent ought also to be on the fifth or sixth syllable.

[43] *calthæ*] See Prolusiones, p. 76.

Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificusque novo, felix divesque, sedebat
In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis:
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros.
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace:
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus;
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat; ceu Caspia tigris
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris:
Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes,
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles;
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,

4 *Anglica*] Vowel made short before Sc.

13 *olivifera*] Ov. Fast. iii. 151.

'Primus *oliviferis* Romam deductus ab arvis.' *Warton.*

25 *Summanus*] i.e. Pluto. Ov. Fast. vi. 731. *Warton.*

Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ.
At simul hanc, opibusque et festa pace beatam,
Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Tiphœus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis.
Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis:
Qua volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines: a parte sinistra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
Dextra venéficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,

[51] *opibus*] Ov. Met. ii. 794.
'*Opibusque et festâ pace* virentem.' *Warton.*
[48] *Alpes*] Lucan. i. 183.
'Jam gelidas Cæsar cursu superaverat Alpes.' *Steevens.*

Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur; præeunt submisso poplite reges,
Et mendicantûm series longissima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris vitamque trahentes:
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis,
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cava responsat rupe Cithæron.
His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres,
Ingreditur thalamos, neque enim secretus adulter
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes;
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
Prædatorque hominum, falsa sub imagine tectus,

[71] *Typhlonta*] I believe Milton is the first poet who has given names to the horses of Night. Spenser describes their colour. **F. Q. i. v. 28.** *Warton.*

Astitit; assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso, et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,
Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama est, vasta Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu,
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
Immemor, O, fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age; surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,
Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiæ disjectam ulciscere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,

[85] *fenestratis calceis*] Sandals tied with thongs. See Buchanani Frat. Frat. xxxiv. Somnium—'*fenestratus calceus.*' *Warton.*

[92] *Dormis*] Hom. Il. ii. 560. P. L. v. 672. *Warton.*

[100] *Sacrilegique*] Vowel made short before Sc.

Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
Thermodoontëâ nuper regnante puellâ.
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires;
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Relliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit;
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacesses,
Irritus ille labor; tu callidus utere fraude:
Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est.
Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandævosque patres, trabea canisque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, qua convenere, sub imis.
Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos
Propositi, factique, mone: quisquamne tuorum
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?
Perculsosque metu subito, casuque stupentes,
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et, nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.
Dixit, et adscitos ponens malefidus amictus,

[100] *Thermodoontëâ*] From Propertius, El. iii. xiv. 16. *Todd.*

Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas,
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati,
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis:
Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,
Nocturnos visus, et somnia grata revolvens.
Est locus æterna septus caligine noctis,
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent, præruptaque saxa,
Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exsanguisque locum circumvolat Horror;
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.
Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, et Prodotes; nulloque sequente per antrum,
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris,
Diffugiunt sontes, et retro lumina vortunt:
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor

138 *revolvens*] Newton conjectures 'resolvens.'

149 *muta*] Buchan. Silv. p. 49. 'Tacitæ per *muta silentia* sylvæ.' *Todd.*

Gens exosa mihi; prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
Tartareoque leves difflentur pulvere in auras
Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago:
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,
Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
Finierat; rigidi cupide paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Despicit ætherea Dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, qua distat ab Aside terra
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ,
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros:
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
Ipsa quidem summa sedet ultrix matris in arce;
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat

165 *paruere*] The first syllable in 'paruere' is long. *Warton.*

172 *Titanidos Famæ*] Fame is the sister of two of the Titans. Æn. iv. 179. *Warton.*

Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli:
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria; veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes,
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
Carmine tam longo; servati scilicet Angli
Officiis, vaga diva, tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terraque tremente:
Fama, siles? An te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iacobo?
Nec plura; illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et, satis ante fugax, stridentes induit alas,
Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
Nec mora: jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes;
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit:
Et primo Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes

207 *Temesæo*] Ov. Met. xv. 707. 'Themesesque metalla.' Fast. v. 441. '*Temesæaque* concrepat *æra*.' *Warton.*

Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit :
Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Insidiis loca structa silet ; stupuere relatis
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effœtique senes pariter ; tantæque ruinæ
Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
Papicolûm ; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres :
At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores ;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant ;
Turba choros juvenilis agit : Quintoque Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

Anno Ætatis 17.

Adhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,
Et sicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
Wintoniensis Præsulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama, proh ! semper mali
Cladisque vera nuntia,
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
Populosque Neptuno satos,

Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus,
Te, generis humani decus,
Qui Rex sacrorum illa fuisti in insula
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus ira protinus
Ebulliebat fervida,
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore;
Graiusque vates parcius
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobulen suam.
At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aura, flamine:
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque, et irritas minas:
Quid temere violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra Noctis filia,

[14] *Anguillæ*] 'Ely,' so called from its abundance of eels. *Warton.*

[20] *Graius*] Archilochus. *Warton.*

[22] *Neobolen*] This word is without authority, the right name is 'Neobule.'

[29] *temere*] The last syllable of temere always elided by Virgil, and the best writers; no authority for making it long, as by many modern Latin poets. Tertullian cannot be quoted with propriety on such a question.

Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastove nata sub Chao:
Ast illa, cœlo missa stellato, Dei
Messes ubique colligit;
Animasque mole carnea reconditas
In lucem et auras evocat;
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem,
Themidos Jovisque filiæ;
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris:
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
Sedesque subterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex,
Auriga currus ignei.
Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
Non ensis, Orion, tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solus globum,
Longeque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
Frænis dracones aureis.

[40] *filiæ*] Ov. Met. ii. 118. Fast. i. 125. *Warton.*

[58] *dracones*] Il Pens. 59, 'While Cynthia checks her *dragon yoke*.' Comus, v. 131; and Shaks. M. N. Dream, act iii. sc. 2, 'The *dragons* of the *night*.' *Todd.*

Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
  Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam;
  Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
  Stratum smaragdis atrium.
Sed hic tacebo; nam quis effari queat,
  Oriundus humano patre,
Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi
  Sat est in æternum frui.

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.*

Heu, quam perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis,
Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.
  Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?
Et se fassa senem, male certis passibus ibit

* This poem is replete with fanciful and ingenious allusions. It has also a vigour of expression, a dignity of sentiment, and elevation of thought, rarely found in very young writers. *Warton.*

Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas,
Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque,
Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
Heu potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, superaque ut Olympius aula
Decidat, horribilisque retecta Gorgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati;
Præcipiti curru, subitaque ferere ruina
Pronus, et extincta fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aerei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.
At pater omnipotens, fundatis fortius astris,
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat et ambitos socia vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristata casside Mavors.
Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat,

Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amica
Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis,
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,
Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli:
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et rauca circumstrepit æquora concha
Oceani Tubicen, nec vasta mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,
Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus; nec ditior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum;
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, late
Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT.

Dicite, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm;
Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci:
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimumve terris incolit lunæ globum:
Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remota forte terrarum plaga

[16] *sempiternus*] The second syllable of 'sempiternus' is long.

[20] *Lethes*] Virg. Æn. vi. 713.

'——— Animæ, quibus altera fato
Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam,
Æternos latices et longa oblivia potant.' *Warton.*

Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,
Atlante major portitore siderum.
Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silente nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes, ut sit arcani sciens,
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,
(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus;
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

AD PATREM.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus; nec novimus ipsi

[27] *Plëiones*] Mercury. Ov. Heroid. xv. 62. Metam. ii. 743. Fast. v. 83, 663. *Warton.*

Aptius a nobis quæ possint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum charta numeravimus ista,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ.
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duro Manes adamante coercet:
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ:
Carmina sacrificus solennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,

[25] *Phœbades*] Ov. Amor. ii. 8. 12. Trist. ii. 400. *Warton.*

Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
Æsculea intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, et positi late fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,
Carmine, non cithara; simulachraque functa
canendo
Compulit in lacrymas: habet has a carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos;

41 *regales*] Vida, Poetic. i. 542,

'Carmina mortales passim didicere per urbes
Post epulas, laudes heroum et facta canentes.'

Bowle.

54 *functa*] Ov. Met. x. 14,

'Simulachraque functa sepulchris.' *Warton.*

Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii merito sis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
Contigerit, charo si tam prope sanguine juncti,
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;
Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus.
Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,
Non odisse reor; neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Qua via lata patet, qua pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures;
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,
Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis;
Me poscunt majora: tuo, pater optime, sumptu
Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores;

66 *Dividuumque*] Ov. Am. i. v. 10, 'Candida *dividuâ* colla tegente comâ.' Ib. ii. x. 10. Metam. ii. 682. *Warton.*

71 *leges*] Ov. Amor. i. xv. 5.

'Non me verbosas leges ediscere, nec me
Ingrato vocem prostituisse foro,' &c. *Warton.*

See Black's Life of Tasso, i. p. 94.

Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus;
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluus aer,
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit:
Dimotaque venit spectanda scientia nube,
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libasse molestum.
I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
Austriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donasset ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,
Atque Hyperionios currus, et frœna diei,
Et circum undantem radiata luce tiaram.
Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ,
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebo;
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguiferos extende, calumnia, rictus;

88 *agitabile*] Ov. Met. i. 75.
'Terra feras cepit, volucres *agitabilis* aer.'
90 *spectanda*] Vowel made short before sc.
93 *I nunc*] Ov. Her. Ep. xii. 204.
'*I nunc*, Sisyphias, improbe, *confer opes*.' *Warton*.

In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.
At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorasse satis, repetitaque munera grato
Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.
Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco;
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

PSALM CXIV.*

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παιδὲς, ὅτ᾽ ἀγλαὰ φῦλ᾽ Ἰακώβου
Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μοῦνον ἔην ὅσιον γένος υἷες Ἰοῦδα·
Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.

[109] *Nec vestri sum juris ego*] The last syllable of 'ego' is short; though it is occasionally made long in some of the modern Latin Poets, in the poems of Dan Heinsius, (ed. 1649) p. 209, 276, 304, also in the fifth line of Joseph Scaliger's Elegy on Thuanus.

* On the inaccuracies of language and metre in these Greek verses, the reader is referred to the learned observations of Dr. C. Burney in Mr. Todd's edition, too long to be inserted in this place.

Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὁδ' ἀρ' ἐστυφελίχθη
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπτε σύγ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἀρ' ἐστυφελίχθης
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν;
Τίπτ', ὄρεα, σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
Βαιότεραι τὶ δ' ἀῤ ὑμμες ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
Σείεο, γαῖα, τρέουσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα,
Γαῖα, θεὸν τρείουσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο,
Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοὺς χέε μορμύροντας,
Κρήνην τ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυοέσσης.

Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et insontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος, hæc subito misit.

Ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσης με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον
Ῥᾳδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
Μαψιδίως δ' ἀρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῇ,
Τοιόν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μεν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἂν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων·
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες, φίλοι,
Γελᾶτε φαύλῳ δυσμίμημα ζωγράφῳ.

AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM, ÆGROTANTEM.

SCAZONTES.

O MUSA, gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quam cum decentes flava Deïope suras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum;
Adesdum, et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immerito divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum,
Polique tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra,
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,

[1] *claudum*] Gazæi Pia Hilaria, 1629, p. 79. '*Subclaudicante* tibiâ redi, *Scazon*.' *Bowle.*

Visum superba cognitas urbes fama,
Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis.
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat;
Nec id pepercit impia, quod tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divum munus, O Salus, Hebes
Germana! Tuque, Phœbe, morborum terror,
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille, charis redditus rursum Musis,
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclinis semper Ægeriam spectans.
Tumidusque et ipse Tibris, hinc delinitus,
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum;
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,
Nimium sinistro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

[39] *sinistro*] Hor. Od. i. ii. 18.
'*Vagus* et *sinistra*
Labitur ripa.' *Warton.*

MANSUS.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellica virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi Dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus GERUSALEMME CONQUISTATA, lib. 20.

> Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi,
> Risplende il Manso—

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

Hæc quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi;
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,
Post Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetrusci.
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis:
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores;
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates

Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit:
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici;
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulo; cupis integros rapere Orco,
Qua potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius, Mycalen qui natus ad altam,
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te, Clius et magni nomine Phœbi,
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabare Musam,
Quæ nuper gelida vix enutrita sub Arcto,
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
Qua Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines:
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Qua plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione

[22] *natus*] Warton considered that this line alluded to *Plutarch*; but Mr. Stirling observes that *Herodotus* is intended. See Todd's note.

[34] *Tityrus*] 'Chaucer,' called Tityrus in Spenser's Pastorals. *Warton.*

Brumalem patitur longa sub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo,
Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
Halantemque crocum, perhibet nisi vana vetustas,
Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
Gens Druides antiqua, sacris operata deorum,
Heroum laudes, imitandaque gesta canebant;
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu,
Delo in herbosa, Graiæ de more puellæ,
Carminibus lætis memorant Corineïda Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicoma Hecaërge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.

Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini;
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies, plausumque vi-
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu. [rorum,
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas:
At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ, cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;
Tantum ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,

[45] *more*] Ov. Met. ii. 711.

'Castæ de more puellæ.' *Warton.*

[52] *venies*] Propert. El. iii. ix. 32.

'*Venies tu quoque in ora virûm.*' *Bowle.*

[57] *Apollo*] Compare the Alcestis of Euripides, v. 570, et seq. Σέ τοι καὶ ὁ Πύθιος, &c. *Warton.*

Irriguos inter saltus, frondosaque tecta,
Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigra,
Ad citharæ strepitum, blanda prece victus amici,
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetere loco; nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas;
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, et miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim, nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos;
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene norit,
Siquando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem!
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
Magnanimos heroas; et, O modo spiritus adsit,
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges!

[73] *Vernat*] I venture to object to 'vernat senectus.' *Warton.*

[79] *Phœbæos*] This is entirely an Ovidian epithet, as in Ep. Her. xvi. 180. See too Milton's Eleg. vii. 46. *Warton.*

[84] *Britonum*] Though the first syllable in 'Britanni'

Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora .
Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ ;
Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
Curaret parva componi molliter urna :
Forsitan et nostro ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego cælicolum semotus in æthera divum,
Quo labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo,
Quantum fata sinunt ; et tota mente serenum
Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

and ' Britanni,' is either of short or long quantity, I do not know authority for Milton's shortening the first syllable in ' Britones.' See Juvenal, xv. 124. ' Qua nec terribiles Cimbri nec *Britones* unquam.' See also Milton's Epit. Damonis, 165. ' Armoricos *Britonum*.'

92 *Parnasside*] Ov. Metam. xi. 165. ' lauro *Parnasside* vinctus.' Virgil's epithet is ' Parnassius.' *Warton.*

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon, ejusdem viciniæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti, a pueritia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis, animi causa profectus peregre, de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Demum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur CAROLUS DEODATUS, ex urbe Hetruriæ, Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.*

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus;
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe:

* On what Milton has borrowed in this poem from the Aminta of Tasso, see Black's Life of Tasso, vol. ii. p. 462, et seq. 9.

Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relicti
Cura vocat, simul assueta seditque sub ulmo,
Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon!
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virga qui dividit aurea,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certe nisi me lupus ante videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores. Illi tibi vota secundo
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,
Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon;
At mihi quid tandem fiet modo? quis mihi fidus

15 *assueta*] Il Pens. 60.
'Gently o'er the *accustom'd* oak.' *Warton.*

15 *seditque*] The position of the 'que' is wrong.

28 *Indeplorato*] Ov. Trist. iii. 3. 45. Met. xi. 670. Ibis, 166. '*Indeploratum* projiciere caput.' *Warton.*

Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni [Auster
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æsculea somnum capit abditus umbra,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus;
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;
Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et Eurus
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu, quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis

46 *Mordaces*] Lucan. ii. 681.
'*Curis* animum *mordacibus* angit.' *Todd.*
49 *Miscet*] Virg. Æn. i. 124.
'Interea magno *misceri* murmure pontum.' *Voule.*

Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat,
(Et cailebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus)
Thyrsi, quid hoc? dixit: quæ te coquit improbabilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te male fascinat astrum;
(Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum:)
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ; et quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt; non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi.
Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
Jure petit: bis ille miser qui serus amavit.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Aegle,
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu;

89 *Docta*] Hor. Od. iii. ix. 1.
'Dulces docta modos, et citharæ sciens.' *Bowle.*

Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi, quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege; sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi; deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, sero sua tecta revisens;
Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors;
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum;
Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, qua non speraveris hora,
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!

[90] *Idumanii*] The river Chelmer in Essex. *Warton.*

[92] *futuri*] 'Futurum' without an adjunct, never means future *time*, but future *event;* Milton consequently is wrong. *Parr.*

[99] *Proteus*] Virg. Georg. iv. 432. *Bowle.*

Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit ;)
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes !
Ah ! certe extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placide morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse, " Vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra."
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juventus :
Hic Charis, atque Lepos ; et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, qua mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam !
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum ; nec puto multum
Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra,
Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ :
Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

[138] *Lydorum*] Of the most ancient Tuscan families. The Lydians brought a colony into Italy, whence the Tuscans. Hor. Sat. i. vi. 1. and Propert. iii. ix. 1. *Warton.*

Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.
Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi; [tardat:
Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte re-
Imus? et arguta paulum recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque
hyacinthi, [tum.
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque meden-
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentum,
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro!
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecima jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,
Dissiluere tamen rupta compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen et referam; vos cedite, sylvæ.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennumque Arviragumque duces, priscumque
Belinum,

141 *cratibus*] Hor. Epod. ii. 45.
'Claudensque *textis cratibus* lætum pecus.' *Todd.*

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos ;
Tum gravidam Arturo, fatali fraude, Iögernen,
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,
Tu procul annosa pendebis, fistula, pinu,
Multum oblita mihi ; aut patriis mutata Camœnis
Brittonicum strides, quid enim ? omnia non licet uni,
Non sperasse, uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lenta sub cortice lauri,
Hæc, et plura simul ; tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento :
In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,
Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,

[171] *Brittonicum*] First syllable long ; see Lucret. vi. 1104 ; ver. 165 of this poem, Milton has made it short, 'Britonum.'

[182] *Chalcidicæ*] A people called the 'Chalcidici' are said to have founded Naples. Virg. Ecl. x. 50. '*Chalcidico* versu.' Æn. vi. 17. *Warton.*

Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,[188]
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis;
Parte alia polus omnipotens, et magnus Olympus;
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ,
Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit; at circum flammantia lumina torquens,
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus:
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certe es, nam quo tua dulcis abiret
Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quo tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra,
Ite procul lacrymæ; purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,
Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
Diodatus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ norint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
Quod tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,

[188] *diversicoloribus alis*] Eurip. Hippol. 1270, Cupid is termed ποικιλόπτερος. See too Aristoph. Av. 249.

En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Lætaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrso.

JAN. 23, 1646.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM.*

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

STROPHE I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet gemina,
Munditieque nitens non operosa;
Quem manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;

* This ode, in Milton's own hand writing, on one sheet of paper, is inserted between the Latin and English poems, in a copy which he sent to Rouse, and which is now in the Bodleian M. 168, Art. 8vo. Another small volume, containing some of his prose tracts, with an inscription to J. Rouse, in Milton's hand writing, is in the same library. F. 56, Th. See some observations on the structure of this Ode in Symmons's Life, p. 281, ed. second.

[2] *Fronde*] 'Fronte' is perhaps a better reading. *Warton.*

Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit,
Insons populi, barbitoque devius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede :

ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo ?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum ?

STROPHE II.

Modo quis deus, aut editus deo,
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
(Si satis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas sine sede Musas
Jam pene totis finibus Angligenum ;

Immundasque volucres,
Unguibus imminentes,
Figat Apollinea pharetra,
Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo?

ANTISTROPHE.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet mala
Fide, vel oscitantia,
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
Lætare felix: en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget, posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
In Jovis aulam, remige penna:

STROPHE III.

Nam te Roüsius sui
Optat peculi, numeroque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse;
Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta
Sunt data virum monumenta curæ:
Teque adytis etiam sacris
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet
Æternorum operum custos fidelis;
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quam cui præfuit Iön,
Clarus Erechtheides,

[56] *Iön*] See the Ion of Euripides, 185, seq. 1146, seq. and Phœn. 228. Euripides calls Ion χρυσοφύλακα, 54. *Warton.*

Opulenta dei per templa parentis,
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Ion Actæa genitus Creusa.

ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo, tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amœnos;
Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
Oxonia quam valle colit,
Delo posthabita,
Bifidoque Parnassi jugo:
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

EPODOS.

Vos tandem, haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam sero placidam sperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidia requiem, sedesque beatas,
Quas bonus Hermes,
Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi; [longe
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque
Turba legentum prava facesset:
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas,
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
Adhibebit, integro sinu.

Tum, livore sepulto,
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,
Roüsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, una demum Epodo clausis; quas tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exacte respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commode legendi potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατὰ σχέσιν*, partim *ἀπολελευμένα*. Phaleucia quæ sunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

Par. Reg. iv. l. 115.

Citron tables, &c.] 'Citrus arbor in Atalante Mauritaniæ monte nascitur, ex qua olim faciebant lectos fores et *mensas*, quas *eboreis* pedibus fulcientes feminæ, viris contra margaritas regerebant. Cato in ea, quam habuit, oratione, ne quis consul bis fieret: Dicere possum, quibus villæ atque ædes ædificatæ atque expolitæ maximo opere, *citro*, atque *ebore*, atque *pavimentis Pœnicis* stent.' *Aus. Popmæ Not. in Fragm. Varronis, ed. Bipont. p.* 349.

THE END.

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